



No. 200.—Vol. XVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REGENT PORTRAIT COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The Torch of Hymen has set fire to St. George's, Hanover Square! I read that the organ was considerably damaged—that organ which was wont to crash the "Wedding March" in the last chapter of the third volume. It occurs to me that the Torch has done this by way of protest against the neglect into which St. George's has fallen among our modern novelists. This venerable temple of matrimony is rarely mentioned now. The blushing heroine treads the aisle no more; nor do aristocrats in white waistcoats bedew her budding happiness with showers of rice. Passing a church the other day, I saw a bride saluted in this fashion, and heard one member of the proletariat grumble to another, "'Arf of that rice would 'ave made a pudden!" Evidently the social revolution bears no goodwill towards the traditional usages of weddings; and this grievous waste of rice may some day land us in the Commune. But why have our society novelists turned their backs on poor old St. George's? In the new *Yellow Book*, it is true, a lady expresses a desire to be wedded in that ancient fane of genteel fiction; but the writer makes this a point for sardonic comment. So the Torch is driven to arson in the desperate hope that this advertisement may recall the sentimental brides of our lighter literature to a sense of duty.

The middle Victorian novelists seldom missed an opportunity of conducting ladies to this renowned altar. There is a characteristic passage in Thackeray, beginning, "O Hymen, Hymenæ!" and deploring the nuptials *de convenance* so often celebrated at St. George's with all the pomp and circumstance of ecclesiastical benison. The moralist is rather grim over all this religious unction for brides who are sacrificed to save the family acres, and bridegrooms whose pre-nuptial responsibilities are left starving on doorsteps. Did not an incident of this kind grace the wedding of Sir Barnes Newcome? Thackeray was quite earnest in this reproof of worldliness, though I dare say some of his later critics would take the passage as a specimen of his "triviality," his indifference to "essential matters of the heart." We have grown so accustomed to the *convenances* of matrimony that a protest, however eloquent, seems *naïve* at this time of day, just as the Scriptural fulminations against the corrupting influence of riches must sound astonishingly simple to Cræsus, half asleep in the family pew. To Thackeray, many an aristocratic marriage, blest by episcopacy at St. George's, was a crying scandal. The scandal still cries; but we make no more fuss over it, even when, stripped of episcopal blandishments, it invites the commentary of the Divorce Court on the dogma that they whom the figure-heads of the Church have joined together no mere layman ought to put asunder.

Marriage, indeed, is despised as a goal in our fiction nowadays. The convention is still kept up in the usual channels of information; the *Times*, for instance, continues to announce that Richard, eldest son of Adolphus Middleman, Esquire, of Middling Hall, Middlesex, has espoused at St. George's, Alice, only daughter of the late Josiah Arable, of Ploughshare Manor, Suffolk, with the familiar ceremonies. When I dip into those wondrous journals for gentlewomen, which are largely devoted to pictures of ladies in fascinating under-garments, I see rows of portraits of brides and bridegrooms, who have added their names to the illustrious autographs among the archives of St. George's, which the Torch of Hymen, I am relieved to note, did not reduce to tinder. Here is a multitude of blameless persons in all the young enjoyment of connubial bliss; and yet they have apparently ceased to regard it as the ideal for the heroes and heroines of romance. They care no longer for the fall of rice in the last chapter of the third volume. Can it be that the decay of volume three is a symptom of this change of manners? When you take up your new novel in one volume, you may be sure that, if there is any marrying, you will find it quite early in the narrative, the piquancy of which lies not in the preliminary billing and cooing, but in the subsequent chilling and rueing. The parson goes on blessing the happy pairs, and reading to them those discreet and tasteful exhortations which were designed by homilists, of a less fastidious age than ours, for the instruction of husbands and wives; and the novelist goes on spinning stories for the apparent purpose of showing that benediction and homily are as useless as the traditional rice, and that the parson might as well have kept his breath to cool his "pudden."

What is the philosopher to deduce from this? Which is the more eloquent of the "facts of life," the book of autographs in the vestry of St. George's, or the novel by an eminent hand which paints marriage as a tragedy, turns the wedding-garment to sackcloth, and the rice to dust

and ashes? As people go on marrying and giving in marriage, and reading these mournful studies of the consequences, it may be that the gambling instinct of mankind is piqued by the hazards of wedlock, and that your pessimistic novelist is the most successful match-make. Or is it that the race has settled down to a philosophic endurance of these disturbing elements, and can no more be prompted to a social crusade than the average householder, when he is told that the noises of London ought to be suppressed, and that the halfpenny post which floods his letter-box with circulars is an intolerable nuisance? I always read the letters of citizens who say that Parliament is guilty of treason to peace and order unless it makes a statute to prevent news-boys from shouting "Piper," or to restrain tradesmen from pushing their wares by circulating artful bills in open envelopes. These evils do not seem to me desperately malignant, and the proposed remedies indicate a lack of proportion in reforming zeal; but it is always stimulating to know that somebody is making an onslaught on some institution. This may be the reason why the novels which have deposed St. George's from the summit of social felicity, and made it a mere ante-room to the chamber of domestic horrors, are chosen for desultory reading during the honeymoon.

People who find Thackeray "trivial" may not care about the edition of his "Ballads and Songs" which Mr. H. H. Brock has illustrated for Messrs. Cassell. How Mr. Brock would fare with the novels I cannot say; some esteemed artists have come to grief with Beatrix and many another of her immortal company; but the "Ballads" have certainly found the happiest illustrator of all. What could be more winsome than the figure of the incomparable Peg of Limavaddy?—

No! the best of lead
And of india-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber.

Thackeray was wrong. Mr. Brock has performed this feat, and, with consummate touch, given us the very piquancy of Irish beauty. His pencil is equally successful with the heroes of "the shaloo on Shannon shore," that glorious burlesque which, I must confess, never stirred my Irish blood to anger. Here, too, is faithless Jeames of Buckley Square, murmuring perfidy in the deluded ear of Mary Ann, and drawn, I venture to say, with a skill never bestowed on him before. Here he is again, in the glamour of his riches, bursting with sentiment and warbling to the Lady Angeline—

When, calm and deap, the rosy sleep
Has lapt your soul in dreams,
R Angeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

I have only one expostulation to address to Mr. Brock. He represents Fanny revisiting the cane-bottom'd chair as a ghost, whereas in the mind's eye of the bard she is a by no means ethereal guest. There is nothing ghostly about Charlotte, who goes on cutting bread-and-butter while the love-sick Werther looks in at the window; and the Jews in the "White Squall" are as life-like as that famous epic of the sea. An artist who can enter like this into the infinite humour, tenderness, and grace of Thackeray must have made real companions of his creations. I wonder what Mr. Brock would say to the critics who cannot distinguish between mere sentimentality and the delicacy of Thackeray's sentiment, and who talk of his style as "poor in imaginative qualities and conventional in epithet"! Some of our literary idols come down in time. First, we slacken in the burning of incense, and, one dismal morning, discover that we cannot turn over the old pages with even a flicker of the old delight. Then comes a graceless burial of allegiance in unconsecrated ground. But the art of Thackeray still has an unbroken spell for me, and one breath of these Ballads consoles me for a wilderness of sickly kickshaws which have distorted sense and diction out of all recognition.

One may write passable verse, I hope, without indulging in the finest frenzy. Mr. Andrew Lang has been telling the New York *Critic* that an American publisher, who has snapped up an unconsidered edition of Mr. Lang's poems, "may suffer in pocket from meddling with the early rhymes of an unpopular twitterer." This is too harsh a judgment on an innocent branch of the literary craft. I remember that, when a boy, I wrote a poem on the model of the "Dunciad," in which my pastors and masters and schoolmates were handled with playful freedom. By pure inadvertence, my mother put this composition in the fire; and in after days she was wont to lament to sympathetic acquaintances the bitter fate which had made her the instrument of destruction to what she called my "early poems." From that time I have been convinced that, twitter you never so weakly, there is always someone to accept your piping as a rich strain of original melody. I have actually been adjured to break into verse in this sober and prosaic page!



MDLLE. ZANFRETTE HAILING DANTÈS' SHIP IN "MONTE CRISTO," AT THE EMPIRE.

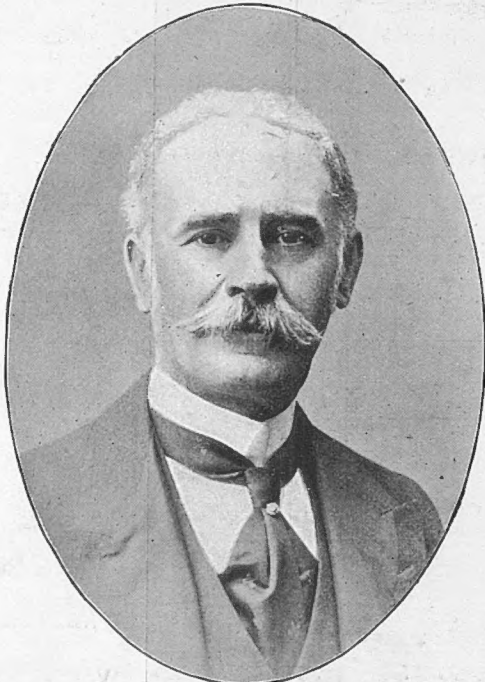
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NEW RAILWAY.

THE DUKERIES AND SHERWOOD FOREST.

And yet I think these oaks at dawn and even,
Or in the balmy breathings of the night,
Will whisper evermore of Robin Hood.

So Maid Marian says in Tennyson's drama of "The Foresters." But will the whisper of the old oaks be heard at any hour by the "trippers" who may henceforth reach merry Sherwood by rail? The Duke of Norfolk, while assisting the new railway scheme, could not suppress a groan as he thought of sandwich-papers disfiguring the sylvan scene. His fears—which he only mentioned for the sake of banter—had been excited by the opening of "the Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway," a title representing the good intentions of the promoters rather than their actual achievement. The line, opened last Thursday, does not go either to the East Coast or to Lancashire. It begins outside Lincoln, and runs across narrow Nottinghamshire to Chesterfield, famous for its bent spire, in the county of Derby. At Edwinstowe the guests of the company, who travelled from London and elsewhere



MR. EMERSON BAINBRIDGE, M.P., CHAIRMAN.

by the Great Eastern route, were entertained to luncheon in the coach-house of an inn, where everything was clean and wholesome. Edwinstowe is a convenient place from which to drive round the Forest, and to visit the parks of the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle and Earl Manvers.

It is not, however, for oaks that the railway has been laid from Lincoln to Chesterfield. The Duke of Norfolk let out the secret when he remarked that the main purpose of the line was to undermine the Dukeries. It is for coal principally that the line has been provided. There are valuable reefs on the estates of the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle. All attempts to mine these reefs used to be forbidden by the ducal owners, but the prohibition has recently been removed. Everything possible has, of course, been done to conciliate their Graces. In the neighbourhood of Welbeck, for instance, a number of chimneys produce no smoke whatever. The feelings of the landlords are soothed also by the prospect of increased incomes. Already the output on the Dukeries coalfield is three and a-half million tons a-year, and the Inspector of Mines in the Midland district anticipates that, in a few years, the annual yield will be increased to ten million tons. This is worth looking after. The new line, extending, with a northerly branch, to fifty-five miles, has been constructed at the cost of about two and a-half millions, and the Sheffield District Railway will connect it with that active Yorkshire town so famous for its smoke and its cutlery. The great companies are expected to give and take. There is a junction with the Great Northern near the Trent, and a friendly agreement is likely to be made with the Midland. The Great Eastern Company is in still more intimate relations with the infant railways. It has subscribed a quarter of a million sterling to the Lancashire and Derbyshire capital, and has undertaken to subscribe £50,000 of the Sheffield District capital, being represented in either case by two directors on the Board. By these means it hopes to carry coal direct from the Midlands to the eastern counties and the London docks, even if it does not very often convey 'Arry and 'Arriet to the forest where Robin Hood held high revel with his merry men, and jolly Friar Tuck fought at quarterstaff for a dinner.

The Duke of Norfolk cut the first sod. Mayor of the borough for the second year, he is the great landowner there. His manners are shy, but he is cool-headed and unaffected, and possesses tact; and without being at all an orator, he speaks in an easy, agreeable manner, which suits common folk. He did the duties which fell to him on Friday with an affable desire to please his fellow-townsmen. Although the sod had been loosened beforehand, the silver spade with which he was presented bent when he put it into the ground; but he laughed at the mishap, and wheeled the barrow like a navvy. Then he stood on the plank in order that he might be photographed. After two plates had been used, someone suggested that he should have the barrow beside him, and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett handed to his Grace the ornamental spade, whereupon he was photographed anew. This District Railway, the construction of which was thus commenced by the Duke, will be worked by the new Lancashire and Derbyshire Company.



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Nov. 25, 1896.

Signature.....

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.

The Omarians may be said to have impressed their cult upon the respectful consideration, if not upon the understanding, of intellectual London. Guests do not rise at the board now and declare that they have just heard of Omar Khayyám for the first time. The disappearance of that dishonoured jest from the oratory is significant of the social progress of the Club. Mr. Comyns Carr, indeed, struck another note at the dinner on Nov. 20 at Frascati's, by declaring his deep disappointment to discover that the club was not a pretext for Bacchanalian riot. He had told his wife that he was going to dine with his old tutor, a clergyman, and his only reward for that fraud was the society of a number of ordinary Englishmen who made speeches after dinner. This odious imputation of mere conventionality was heard by the Omarians in pitying silence. Evidently it will need a laborious education of several repasts to make even so sprightly a wit as Mr. Carr's appreciate the distinction between the Omar Club and the average company of diners-out.

Mr. Clement Shorter has been succeeded in the Presidency of the Club by Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose felicities in the chair culminated in a delightful little passage of arms with Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Gosse had read an interesting letter from Mr. Coventry Patmore, who was prevented by indisposition from attending the dinner, a letter in which the veteran poet remarked that Omar was an enemy of priests. Here Mr. Gosse, with mock alarm, suggested that Mr. Harrison, who sat on his right hand, was a kind of a priest, an impeachment which Mr. Harrison laughingly disputed. Mr. Sidney Colvin, in a speech of singular interest, described his personal impressions of Edward FitzGerald, who used to wander about the Suffolk lanes in a plaid and spectacles, and was reported to have fallen off the Woodbridge quay on one occasion, when he was fished up with his spectacles still on his nose and a book in his hand. Mr. Colvin, in surveying FitzGerald's work, attached small importance to the translations from the Greek, an opinion to which Mr. Frederic Harrison demurred in the course of that eulogy on "Old Fitz" which is a cherished formula of the club. Mr. Henry Norman, the Vice-President, in proposing the toast of "The Guests," discoursed very happily on the surreptitious Paganism of the Omarians, an important branch of their occult psychology; and Dr. Conan Doyle responded to the toast with much genial humour. For the benefit of future historians of the Club, Mr. L. F. Austin read a poem, based on a prophecy in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám—

*Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor, and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.*

Just as we find in Shakspeare's teeming page
Thoughts of his own and each succeeding age;
So is the shadow of our social throng
The prescient image of the Persian Sage.

Pots are we all, and shaped from common Earth,
Each of us three parts full of modest worth;
And should some Jar pretend to overflow,
That were a theme for philosophic Mirth.

*Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, here we sit,
And soul to soul with cheerful converse knit;
By one great Affidavit deeply sworn,
That none shall stint the Flagon nor the Wit.*

Yet, in our Rites, a sober thrift has stored
A wisdom richer than old Omar's load;
His Liquor quelled him, laid him low, while we—
We linger near, but not beneath, the Board.

*And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Are speechless Vessels, but are never dumb;
Theirs is the Message of a deeper lore—
The Art of Listening is the Art to come.*

*Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, still we play
With zest our little Masquerade in Clay;
And, as we crumble, cry the Potter quits;
For Fellowship makes merry with Decay.*

The guests of the evening included Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Sir Martin Conway, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the Hon. Maurice Baring, Mr. Edward Rose, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, and Mr. Louis Beeke.

Some of the pictures issued by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner for the Christmas season are particularly charming, and, framed, would make very attractive Yule-tide souvenirs. Several hundreds of varieties, ranging in price from one shilling to twenty, offer most artistic inducements to the benevolent dispenser of "Christmas-boxes." Cards with which we greet our friends at the approaching season are also issued in endlessly beautiful design by this enterprising and always artistic firm. Calendars of new and dainty device, wherewith to mark the flying feet of time, are also a speciality, while games of unimaginable skill in unimaginable diversity are produced at a modest shilling each, by which to while away the holiday hours with pleasure and even profit.

SOME THEATRE LESSEES AND PROPRIETORS.



MR. M. LEVENSTON (DUKE OF YORK'S).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. F. HARRISON (THE HAYMARKET).
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.



MR. D'OYLY CARTE (THE SAVOY).
Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.



MR. ALBERT GILMER (THE PRINCESS'S).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



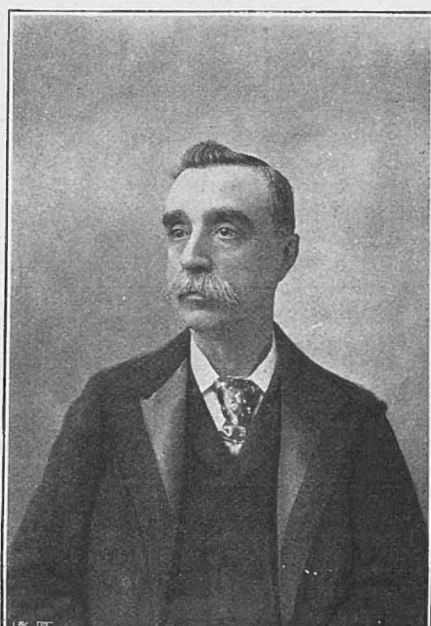
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES (THE GAIETY).
Photo by Hand, Strand.



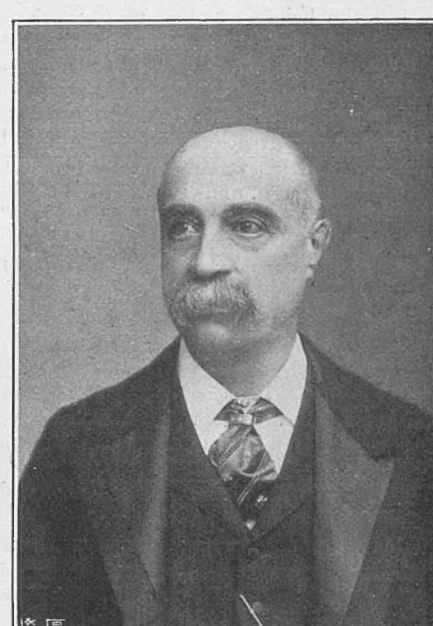
MR. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH (THE COURT).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. WILLIAM GREET (THE LYRIO).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. S. GATTI (THE ADELPHI).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. A. GATTI (THE ADELPHI).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SMALL TALK.

If example is indeed better than precept, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland may be said to have answered the oft-propounded conundrum, "Is marriage a failure?" in her own proper person, with a stalwart negative. Since the time when, as old Oxford students may remember her, she was a tall, fresh-complexioned, and blue-eyed maiden, she has been led three times to what "Jeames" styled the "high menial altar": first, by that gentle but somewhat melancholy Anglo-Indian, the late Arthur Blair; secondly, by a great Scotch nobleman, the late Duke of Sutherland, whose charm of manner and person were by-words in society; and thirdly, a few days since, by Sir Albert Rollit. The wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, though a comparatively quiet one, attracted a fair number of sightseers. The most amusing thing I have seen with regard to this lady's marriage and that of Miss Rollit, which preceded it by a day or two, was from the pen of a lady journalist in a Sunday contemporary. This gushing person spoke of the Duchess as "now Lady Albert Rollit," as though the legal knight were the son of a duke or a marquis, and as though, supposing that were so, it was the custom of ladies of great title to sink them on marrying a courtesy lord. This imaginative person, too, spoke of the Dowager Duchess as an ideal Lady Macbeth. Those who know the subject of these remarks will recognise their admirable fitness.

The monument in Blenheim Park to the great Duke, to which the torchlight procession will journey from the historic palace of Blenheim to-night, in honour of the Prince of Wales, who is staying with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, stands on a small elevation in the midst of a lawn, and is 130 feet high. On its summit is a colossal statue of the Victor of Blenheim, in a Roman costume; at his feet are two eagles; in his right hand he holds aloft a figure of Victory, while in his left is his bâton of command. The lengthy inscription which describes John Churchill's exploits and records his great qualities was written, so says tradition, by Lord Bolingbroke, and of the Acts of Parliament which sanctioned the rewards of a grateful nation, it says that they "shall stand as long as the British name and language lasts, illustrious monuments of Marlborough's glory and of Britain's gratitude." Whether the ill-treated Vanbrugh, whose quarrel with Marlborough's spiteful Duchess led to such humiliating results to the great architect, designed this column, I cannot say; but I imagine not, as it is stated that the "costly pillar was erected at the expense of the family," while Parliament voted money for the building of the palace, which, however, the country certainly did not entirely provide. It was left to Good Queen Anne to supply the needful to a considerable extent, and the great Duke appears to have paid the workmen himself, at any rate in part.

Quite a chorus of "Ohs!" might have been heard in many households last Thursday morning, when it was known that St. George's Church, Hanover Square, had been in flames overnight, for everyone seemed to have had "a cousin, an uncle, or an aunt" who had been married at the altar of this fashionable church. Luckily the fire was discovered in time, and the general building, with its beautiful Corinthian façade, still remains extant after an existence of more than a hundred and fifty years. The church was dedicated ostensibly to the patron saint of England, but its title has undoubtedly, like words in a dictionary, a second allusion, and, presumably in this case, to George I., whose Hanoverian family is responsible for the name of the famous square adjacent thereto. St. George's was carved out of the older parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, and is "one of the fifty new churches voted by Parliament to give this part of town the air of the capital of a Christian country," as Pennant somewhat cynically remarked. Limits of space preclude any but the briefest notice of the thousands of Society marriages in St. George's. However, there the register was signed by Sir William Hamilton and Emma Harte, a charming artist's model, who afterwards became better known as the Lady Hamilton much admired by Lord Nelson. The Marquis of Douro, who succeeded the great Duke of Wellington in that title, was a bridegroom here in 1839, and his attesting witnesses were his father and three brothers—the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, and Lord Cowley. "George Eliot" once upon a time figured here as a blushing bride. The fees at this church have always been rather heavy; among them was one pound charged to all happy bridegrooms by "His Majesty's Royal Peal of Marrows and Cleavers," whose income frequently reached the respectable figure of £416 per annum. The church is much admired by that section of Society that desires to enter the connubial state; by the other which wishes it had not, the building has met with somewhat severe condemnation. It is said that the registers of St. George's have not infrequently been put in evidence in the Law Courts. But, then, St. George's is a very fashionable church.

That distinctly ugly building—how well I remember its plain box-of-bricks exterior, with an inside of much the same unpoetic nature, of which I had many, to me, weary experiences when I was a lad and the Rev. Daniel Moore was its incumbent!—Camden Church, in the Peckham Road, Camberwell, has completed the hundredth year of its plain but practically useful existence. It was here that eminent preacher Henry Melvill delivered those "golden counsels" that drew all the town, a divine of whose eloquence and wisdom it has been my fate to have heard a grandmother and maiden aunt speak on many an occasion with bated breath. It was here that the above-mentioned Daniel Moore won *kudos* as a preacher and teacher. It was here that

Canon Fleming charmed the world (and the Duke of Westminster) with his mellifluous, if not invariably convincing, discourses, and where Canon Richardson delighted an immense congregation. The centenary has been commemorated by an octave of services, at the first of which the Bishop of Rochester preached a stirring sermon. Long may Camden Church flourish as a centre of religious activity, but I cannot help coupling with these wishes a desire that, with its being "a joy for ever," it might lay more claim to being "a thing of beauty."

Mr. Harold Frederic is a very gifted novelist and a thoroughly good fellow, and his "Illumination" has placed him in the very forefront of latter-day novelists. Nevertheless, as an American resident in London, it is not quite fair that he should send misleading statements to the *New York Times*, of which he is the skilled London Correspondent. Here is a paragraph from his letter just to hand—

The selection of Edward John Poynter for President of the Royal Academy was about the least popular that could have been made, alike with artists and with such part of the public as is interested in art. How it was brought about is not quite understood, even inside the Academy, but there is much unpleasant talk. As had been expected, Rivière led the list on the first ballot, but all were surprised to find Poynter's name second, since it had been tacitly agreed that his holding a fat berth as Director of the National Gallery put him out of the running. All the same, there he was, and, to the amazement of Rivière's supporters, enough votes were thrown to Poynter on the second ballot to elect him. The *Times* and most of the other papers next day coupled their chilled congratulations with the statement that it would be only decent for Poynter to give up his National Gallery position, but the *Telegraph* printed an interview with him declaring that to be precisely what he would not do. It is now recalled that Poynter's wretched designs for the reverse of the present coinage, though disliked by everybody else, were insisted on by the Queen, and it is assumed that her influence probably accounts in no small degree for the man's election. Considered as an artist, Poynter is not quite the worst in the Academy, but still, the fall to him from the level of Leighton and Millais is abysmal.

Needless to say, there is not a single word of truth in the above, so far as concerns the feeling in art circles. Even those Academicians who voted for Mr. Briton Rivière and for Mr. Frank Dicksee, the only two possible rivals to Mr. Poynter, were perfectly well reconciled to Mr. Poynter's success. It is absurd to pretend that Mr. Poynter is not quite as good an artist as either of them. Altogether, Mr. Frederic has let his imagination run away with him in dragging royalty into the subject, unless, indeed, he has been misled by a fellow-countryman of his who writes rasping articles on English art in the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Star*.

Edinburgh has been in great form over the bazaar which the students got up for their athletic field. Mr. Balfour opened the show on Wednesday, and a special number of the *Student* was issued. It is admirably done. Indeed, Scots undergraduates practise the gentle art of academic journalism with very great success. At Aberdeen, for example, they run a magazine which is actually thirteen years of age. I may also notice *Schola Regia*, which is the title of the Edinburgh Royal High School magazine. The current issue biographs Sir Douglas MacLagan, the president of the School, where he and his brother, the Archbishop of York, were both educated.

The post of organist, conductor, and choirmaster of the Northampton Institute has at length been filled by the appointment at the hands of the governing body of Mr. H. Davan Wetton, Mus.Bac., Durham, who is a young musician and composer of great promise, and was for some time assistant-organist at Westminster Abbey. He is now organist and director of the music in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital.

South African enterprise has certainly benefited the various sections of the theatrical profession. Just a few years ago the appearance of a good company in the cities of the Golden Land was a matter of moment and a record of tremendous enterprise. To-day a good company is the rule rather than the exception. Not a month passes without seeing the departure of talent for a brief visit to cities where the rapidly increasing wealth of the inhabitants creates a demand for all that is best and brightest. South African tours seem a regular institution with George Edwardes, who sends many companies across; and, despite the great cost of living, there is plenty of profit, together with an exceptional welcome from the native "boys." One of the latest conquests of African managerial diplomacy is Miss Harriet Vernon, who will leave almost immediately for Johannesburg to give Boer and Uitlander a treat. Her many gifts should secure a hearty recognition.

Many happy returns of the day!—

To-Day, Nov. 25.	Saturday, Nov. 28.
The Grand Duke of Hesse, b. 1868.	Earl Grey, b. 1851.
The Grand Duchess of Hesse.	The Bishop of Lichfield, b. 1839.
Mr. M. B. Huish, b. 1845.	Mr. Leslie Stephen, LL.D., b. 1832.
To-Morrow, Nov. 26.	Sunday, Nov. 29.
Lord Armstrong, C.B., F.R.S., b. 1810.	Sir J. Crichton-Browne, M.D., b. 1840.
Lord Stanmore, G.C.M.G., b. 1829.	Mr. Frances Cowley Burnand, b. 1836.
The Dowager Empress of Russia.	Miss Rhoda Broughton.
Friday, Nov. 27.	Monday, Nov. 30.
The Duchess of Teck.	Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury.
Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., b. 1853.	Sir W. H. Flower, K.C.B., b. 1831.
Mr. H. T. Anstruther, M.P., b. 1860.	Mr. S. Clemens (Mark Twain), b. 1835.
Tuesday, Dec. 1.	
The Princess of Wales.	Mr. James Lowther, M.P., b. 1840.
	Canon W. J. Knox-Little, b. 1839.

Miss Furtado Clarke, who is charming country playgoers with her Princess Flavia, is the daughter of the late John Clarke, the comedian, and Miss Teresa Furtado. She did good work at the St. James's, and



MISS FURTADO CLARKE IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

Photo by Scott and Son, Carlisle.

had the honour of appearing with Mr. Alexander before the Queen at Balmoral, as Amy Chilworth in "Liberty Hall."

Miss Julie Mackey, who has recently come over here from America, is the possessor of a voice seldom heard on the variety stage—a contralto. Her visit was heralded by a flourish of professional trumpets that her performance did little to justify; but she has improved of late, and has hit the popular taste with a ditty concerning the adventures of divers people who trod upon a piece of orange-peel. An unusual vocal gift and considerable personal charm should bring Miss Mackey to the front rank of the profession, if she will cultivate stage deportment and bearing. They are necessary for every song, however simple, and every turn, however short, and without them no performer can go far. Nowadays there is a healthy tendency towards stage-bearing that had its origin on the Continent, and has made a large section of music-hall performers properly critical. Therefore it behoves Miss Mackey to give the same attention to her walk and pose that she gives to her successful songs and pretty dresses.

I am pleased to record the fact that pretty Miss Marie Montrose, now quite restored to health, is back at the Gaiety Theatre in the part she originally created in "My Girl." Seven weeks' illness has not managed to minimise her charms, and the "boys" are very glad to see her again. In spite of several tempting offers to remain in town, Miss Montrose is compelled, under a very long-standing agreement, to spend the Christmas holiday-time at Liverpool, where she will be principal girl at the Court Theatre pantomime. May I be there to see!

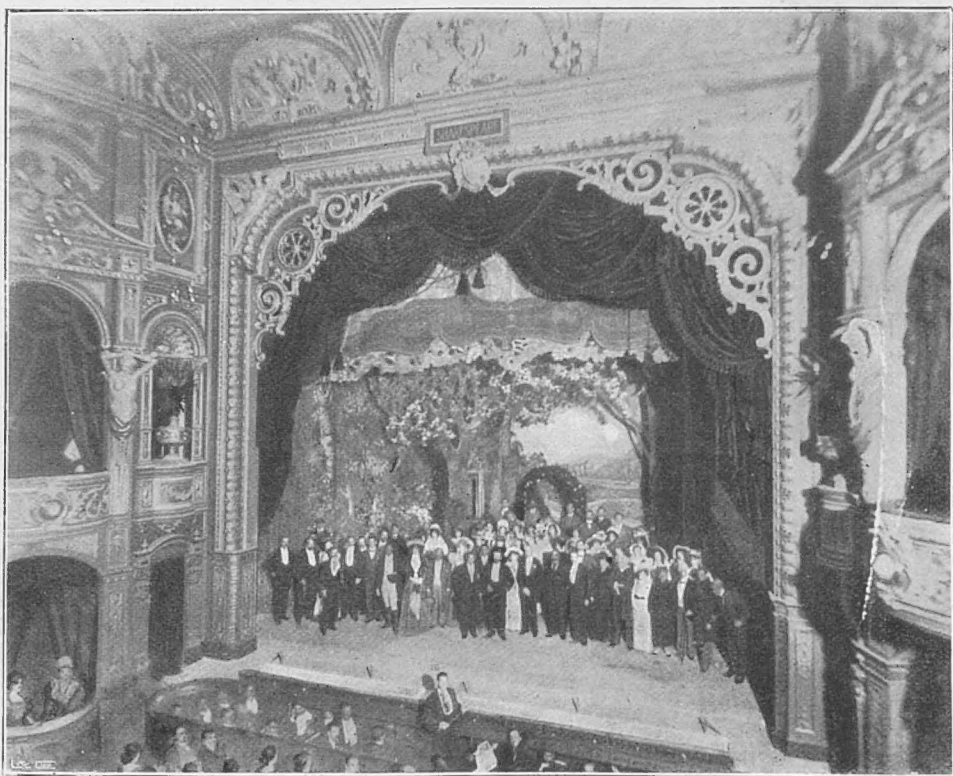
Mr. Frederick Harrison, the popular co-manager with Mr. Cyril Maude, of the Haymarket Theatre, owes his position in the theatrical world entirely to his own talents as an actor, his exceeding courtesy as a manager, and his keen sense of the artistic fitness of things. During the run of "Under the Red Robe," the duties of manager will devolve upon him more fully, as he takes no active part in the performance, though he will surely be seen in the succeeding play, "if we ever require one," to use his own words. By birth Mr. Harrison is a Londoner,

and after studying at a small school at Hampstead, he went to King's College, and from there to Trinity College, Cambridge, whence he graduated in the History Tripos of 1879, his M.A. coming in the usual course. After leaving the University he became a private tutor and travelled in the South of France, spending much time at Cannes, where he made quite a reputation as a reciter, lecturer, and amateur actor. Then he travelled round the world more than once, but, after wandering for some years through America, Australia, and New Zealand, he decided to adopt the stage professionally, and, by the advice of Sir Henry Irving, he began his career in Mr. F. R. Benson's company. After doing some good and useful work, he became a member of Mr. Tree's company at the Comedy, leaving him only at intervals to fulfil fitful provincial engagements. Then, when Mr. Tree went to the Haymarket, he became his manager as well as his understudy, and there made very distinct successes as Lord Illingworth in "A Woman of No Importance," the Duke of Guiseberry in "The Dancing Girl," and in the title-rôle of "Captain Swift." When Mr. Forbes-Robertson decided to take the Lyceum for a season, it was natural he should turn to so popular a man as his colleague, and very much of the success of that season was due to that choice, and of the popularity of the present partnership there can be too little doubt to need further comment.

Miss Loïe Fuller, who has recently been appearing in San Francisco, *en route* for China and the Far East, has by no means lost faith in her commercial value as a dancer since her Parisian triumphs. For eight performances in 'Frisco "La Loïe" modestly asked six thousand dollars, and she further stipulated that this nice little round sum should be guaranteed in advance.

The suburban playhouse grows apace. The latest, the Shakspeare Theatre and Opera House, occupying the most commanding site on Lavender Hill, is within five minutes' walk of Clapham Junction Station. It may be remembered that the commemoration-stone was laid by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell performed the act of christening. No expense has been spared in providing the public with all that a theatre should be as regards its comfort, and this fine addition to metropolitan theatres eclipses any former theatrical enterprise in South London, and more than favourably compares with the West-End theatres. The act-drop contains four pictures instead of the usual one. The first represents Stratford-on-Avon as it is to-day, with the river flowing through the town; the second is a view of the famous Globe Theatre at Bankside, in which Shakspeare performed in his own plays; the third is an ideal drawing in neutral tints, representing an artist's dream of Shakspeare's tragedies; while the fourth is a companion picture dealing with the poet's comedies.

It is noteworthy there is no other theatre within a radius of about three miles, and to the West-End Londoner it seems scarcely conceivable that within this limit exists a population of nearly five hundred thousand people, more than many of our very largest cities. The theatre was opened last week with "My Girl," Mr. John Burns making a speech on the occasion. At Christmas the management produce their own pantomime of "The Forty Thieves," for which large and expensive arrangements are now being made. The bookings and engagements have been made by Mr. C. E. Machin, of the Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, and general local supervision will be assumed by Mr. William Bennett, assisted by his son, Mr. H. G. Dudley Bennett.



THE OPENING OF THE SHAKSPEARE THEATRE.

Photo by Grebb, Lavender Hill.

The finest collection of coins ever formed by one man is now in process of distribution under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. The late Mr. Hyman Montagu was a man of wealth as well as one of great numismatic knowledge; but not one of his innumerable treasures, "uniques" and the like, can vie in interest with the celebrated "Juxon" medal, sold on Monday last for the extraordinary amount of £770. This coin is, technically, a gold pattern five-broad

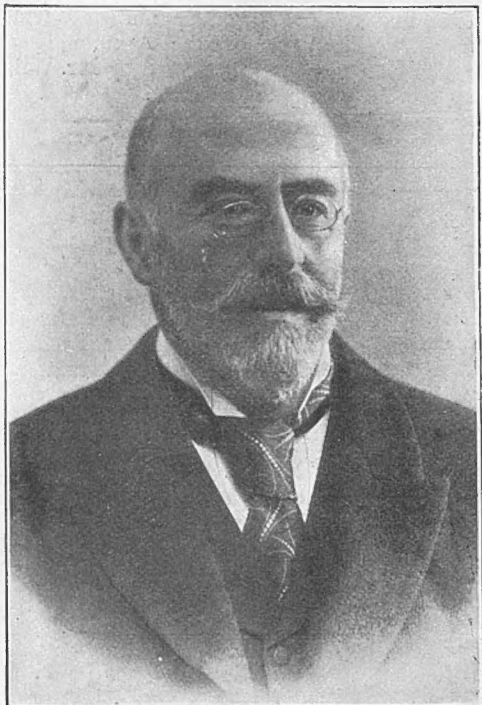


THE JUXON MEDAL, SOLD FOR £770.

piece; and it has a double interest attached to it, for, besides being one of the finest works of the engraver Thomas Rawlins, and, as such, a unique specimen of his skill, it also possesses a history which is itself unique, on account of its having been presented to Bishop Juxon by Charles I. on the scaffold just before his execution. From the faithful prelate it passed in a direct line to his descendant, Mrs. Mary Gythens, who, among other bequests, mentions "her gold medal of King Charles I. to James Commeline," who was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and had married her daughter, Miss Gythens. The late Lieut.-Colonel John Drummond purchased the coin of a grandson of the Rev. James Commeline, and he in turn disposed of it to Mr. Till, the dealer, who sold it soon afterwards to Mr. Cuff. From the Cuff collection it has passed successively into the possession of Mr. Thomas Brown, for many years a partner in the firm of Longman and Co., the publishers, of Mr. Edward Wigan, of Mr. Samuel Addington, and, lastly, into that of Mr. Montagu. From these facts it will be seen that its pedigree and authenticity are irreproachable. It is not only unique, but in a perfect state of preservation, and as a relic of the Stuart family it is unquestionably one of the very highest interest.

A curious story is circulating in high quarters in Pekin regarding the death of the Empress of China, mother of the reigning sovereign, which took place some little time ago. The Empress-Mother and the Empress-Dowager were sisters, and quarrels between them were frequent, as each was striving to gain ascendancy over the young Emperor. Eventually the Dowager withdrew to Eho Park, which is some distance from Pekin, and when the Emperor went to consult with her on affairs

of state she would keep him with her for days together. The Empress-Mother called one day on her sister to remonstrate with her on this, and a battle-royal ensued. The Dowager, however, had the whip-hand, and was, it appears, empowered to deprive her rival of her privileges. Among these was the right to her sedan-chair, which is evidently an equivalent to the Yellow Jacket of the Mandarin. She would not even allow the imperial lady the use of the conveyance to return to her own home. The Empress-Mother thus found herself compelled to drive back in a common cart. Unable to survive this indignity, she died of rage next day. For thirty-five days her remains



MR. HYMAN MONTAGU, F.S.A. (1844-1895).

lay in state in Pekin, the Emperor visiting the chamber each day. The body was then transported to Haitien, and will be ultimately laid by the side of that of her husband, the seventh Prince, whose name was Chun. Since the death of his mother, the Emperor has treated the Dowager with marked coldness.

I heard an amusing story the other evening of a patron of a music-hall gallery and a young girl singer who has recently made a big success at one of the halls. A friend of the singer was listening to the effect of the performance in various parts of the house—one night

downstairs, another time higher up. In the pursuit of his experiences he went into the gallery and found standing-room next to one of the genus "bloke." The singing went very well; the "bloke" applauded vehemently. When the turn was over he continued to make a noise. "I'm afraid it is over," said the casual visitor to the abode of the gods. "Yus," replied the "bloke," "very likely; but where's the trainer? Wy doesn't 'e come on?" The obvious fact that the girl was not half-way through her teens made the "bloke" imagine that she was among the performing animal and acrobat class, and that some smiling trainer in evening-dress was required to complete the picture.

Here are two famous pugs. York, who belongs to Mrs. Paul Gretiche, of Silverdale Lodge, Sydenham, is fawn-coloured, and may be regarded as a typical specimen of a breed that has always been a favourite with women ere the genus dog was such an object of amusement and profit. York, who was bred by Mr. Scholes, is by Champion Confidence out of Little Dazzle, and can boast of being the descendant of a long line of ancestors, all having the bluest blood of pugdom in their veins. He is just over three years old, having been born in June 1893. During the present year he has won thirteen first prizes, sixteen specials, the Cottesmore Challenge Cup, his championship and premiership. At the Nottingham Show he, with his kennel companion, Silverdale Topsy, won the gold medal for the best brace of pugs in the show. Last August, at the grand show held by the St. Hubert Society in Spa, York divided the honours of the ladies' classes with a phenomenal little red Pomeranian, and when the couple met finally to compete for the special for the best dog of any breed in the show, those most competent judges, Messrs. Collins and Khrel, being unable to decide between two such perfect specimens, adjudged them a dead-heat.

It was the late Lady Brassey that popularised the type to which Duke Beira, the property of Miss C. F. A. Jenkinson, belongs. He is the handsome son of Beira and Dainty Duchess, and was born in July 1893. When he is not a prominent and admired feature of a dog-show,



YORK.



DUKE BEIRA.

he is the happy occupant of a lovely home at Maidenhead. No black pug was more admired than he at the Ranelagh and Holland Park Shows. At the latter he added to his score of seven first and fifteen special prizes by winning four firsts and specials, and still more recently, at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace, he won a championship, a first, and four special prizes. At Holland Park, where the show of black pugs was unanimously agreed to be the best ever benched, he was pre-eminently admired by all lovers of his breed. He is a brilliant black, with a nice, cobby body, grand skull and wrinkles, short face, good legs, and most fascinating curly tail. He is the sire of several splendid sons and daughters, some already known as prize-winners.

Mr. Newton, the Policeman's Friend, has been once more upon the war-path, eager, it would appear, to take the scalps of respectable citizens, with which articles of "bigotry," if not of "virtue," I should imagine his Western wigwam must be well hung. The gentle guardians of the public peace were, it seems, "persuading" a working-man to go to the station; that is, they were dragging him along the street, and apparently well-nigh choking him. A solicitor, who observed this triumphal but uncomfortable march, seeing, as he said and swore, the unwilling recipient of the persuasive policemen's attentions nearly black in the face, ventured to place his own hand on that of one of the persuaders, and tried to loosen the cravat somewhat too tightly tied by the victim and his official valets. For this he was haled before the Majesty of the Law as an attempter of a rescue, and, of course, came off second best in the encounter. Was not his evidence and that of his witnesses contradicted by constables? The most amusing part of the whole affair was the worthy magistrate's remark, "You knew what you were doing, and your proper course was to complain to the Commissioners." A delightful relief this to a man black in the face from semi-strangulation—so prompt, so efficacious for the restoration of the sufferer. It would appear that the duty of a good citizen is, if called upon by a constable who is getting punished, to assist him with all the force at his command; but if the picture is reversed, and a citizen is suffering violence at the hands of a constable, no finger must wag in his defence, "complaint must be made to the Commissioners," whose ability, doubtless, vouches for their power to resuscitate a dead or half-dead body.

Niagara has at last been harnessed, for on the first minute of Monday morning (Nov. 16) the Mayor of Buffalo and his fellow-citizens announced the formal receipt of electric power from the Falls by a salvo of twenty-one guns. The power had come a distance of twenty-six miles, and though it was absolutely insignificant in its demand upon the volume of water at the Falls, it drove a huge vertical steel shaft, 22 in. in diameter, at the speed of 250 revolutions to the minute,



THE POLES AND CABLES TRANSMITTING NIAGARA TO BUFFALO.

and set a dynamo in motion developing 5000 horse-power of electrical energy. And this was but one of three similar machines which raise the total supply to 15,000 horse-power. The Niagara Falls Power Company, by which much of the work has been done, was formed in 1889, and it started with a capital of £2,000,000, of which about one-half has been spent. Its object was to utilise the Falls on a scale which should throw all previous attempts to employ water-power into the shade. The company invited plans from all parts, and undertook to lay them before an international Commission of engineers and men of science, with Lord Kelvin for its chairman. Professor Forbes (a Scot, need it be said?) was one of those who sent in. He decided for an alternating current, as distinguished from the continuous one. For a time he had almost the whole body of electrical opinion (including that of the Commission) against him. However, some new experiments, which demonstrated that alternating currents could be used for motive-power over a distance of 112 miles, finally broke down the opposition, and Mr. Forbes became the electrical consulting engineer to the company. He came to the highly original conclusion that, for a power station, the alternating current should reverse its direction as slowly as was consistent with making a good dynamo. For this purpose he built a small Eiffel tower, where three turbines were set up to drive three dynamos of 5000 horse-power each. The water is carried down pipes 7½ feet diameter into the turbines, and thence it passes through a 7000-feet tunnel under the town, emerging below the Falls, the tunnel being capable of developing 100,000 horse-power. The power developed is transmitted by cables hung on poles.

The company was compelled to buy the right of way between Niagara and Buffalo, and, because of the difficulty in securing a thirty-foot strip through a prosperous farming country, the route of the line is rather circuitous. The poles are from thirty-five to sixty-five feet in height, and many of them were placed in beds of concrete to make their position as firm as possible, for should these wires fall the result would be disastrous. The poles are set from sixty to seventy-five feet apart, and in turning sharp corners six poles instead of three are used. The upper cross-arms carry iron pins, on which galvanised barbed wire is strung as a protection against lightning. The wire is at a height of eighteen inches, and is grounded at frequent intervals. The cable is of bare copper. As the line is nearly twenty-six miles in length, and three of these cables, or one three-phase system, are strung, the total length of cable used is about seventy-eight miles. This cable was shipped to the work on reels weighing about 2800 pounds, and containing about half a mile of wire. The stringing of the cables was an interesting sight. The reels were mounted on a broad-wheeled waggon and the wire allowed to unroll slowly by means of a lever. As it glimmers in the sunlight, the cable is the object of much attention, because of the part it takes in transmitting the energy of Niagara so many miles. Over this golden cord a most tremendous power flows, but its passage is without apparent noise or motion. Along its course Niagara's power flies at a voltage of 10,000, but the observer will in no way be mindful of the fact.

Two days before they sailed for home, Mr. Barrie and Dr. Nicoll were entertained to dinner by the Aldine Club, New York. The Club is composed mainly of publishers and literary men, and most of the best-known American writers met there on Nov. 5 to honour the two Scotsmen. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes decorated every flower-pot on the tables. A real piper in kilts marched from room to room, and startled even Americans who were used to the Yale yell.

Haggis, figured on the menu, and a model of the house in Thrums that contained the little window was placed opposite Mr. Barrie's seat. No toasts were drunk, but there was plenty of oratory. Mr. Barrie's speech was admittedly the best of the evening, a speech just suited to the feeling of the hour, witty, light, and joyous with anecdote. Dr. Nicoll spoke somewhat earnestly of literature and criticism, fiction and journalism, and poetry and international relations. He seemed to have suffered the least from the haggis and bagpipes. Mr. Howells, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Dr. Weir Mitchel, Mr. Nelson Page, and Mr. G. W. Cable all made congratulatory speeches, which, considering that they were quite impromptu, were excellent efforts. Mr. Reid, "the father of American golf" and a Scotsman of Scotsmen, got rid of a regular St. Andrew's Day speech in praise of the land of his birth, and afterwards sang "Auld Lang Syne" with an easy mastery over the difficulties of accent and pronunciation which made the Americans feel very small.

I wonder whether any of my readers have ever been to Waterloo Station on a Saturday morning to see the mail-train go off to Southampton, taking passengers to the great ships of the Castle or Union Lines bound for South Africa. It is such a sight as would delight a novelist, and might have inspired the late Mr. Frith, R.A., to do a better picture than his well-known "Railway Station." The crowd is always enormous, and, to get the best possible view, it is well to stand on the bridge overlooking the platform. There is a riot of life, colour, and contrast. You can wax envious over the sight of the millionaire going to add to his millions, or sentimental over the ne'er-do-well bound for Johannesburg to take his last chance. Every man or woman going off is accompanied by numerous friends, who surround the particular railway-carriage, all speaking at once. Old acquaintanceships are renewed, fresh ones are cemented, and the careful observer cannot fail to note the suggestion of commerce, finance, and diplomacy, all working unostentatiously to some well-considered end, and never relaxing efforts until the warning whistles have sounded, and another big gathering of anxious, expectant humanity has moved forward upon its uncertain road. I often go to Waterloo on a Saturday morning, sometimes to speed a parting friend, at others simply to look on and gather from unexpressed words and indefinite actions the effect of the latter-day gold craze.

The Howick Falls, which form one of the chief objects of interest to the numerous visitors now flocking to Natal, are on the Umgeni River, about twelve miles above the capital, Pietermaritzburg, and some two miles distant from Howick Railway Station on the main line. Their height is 308 feet, and they are second only to the Zambesi Falls, which

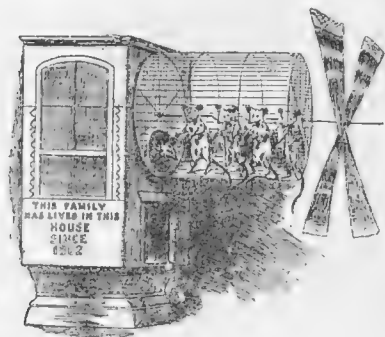


HOWICK FALLS, NATAL.

Photo by W. Symons, Howick, Natal.

latter, however, are, practically speaking, inaccessible to the ordinary sightseer. This photograph was taken in the winter season, when the river was low; and the native standing on the rock at the bottom gives some idea of the tremendous height of these celebrated falls. I wonder if these falls will yet be utilised like Niagara.

Apropos of the Mouse Club, which the "Star" man" recently unearthed in Poplar, I am told that an enterprising shopkeeper in Brooklyn has for fourteen years kept a family of mice in a cage. At one end of it is a spinning-wheel, or tread-mill, in which the mice take their daily exercise. The shopkeeper one day rigged up a fan on the axis of the wheel, and this stirs up a breeze for him and his customers. The mice take regular turns in the tread-mill.



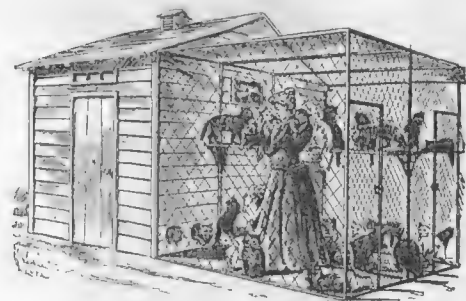
A MOUSE-HOUSE.

little search discovered the spot, which he hopes in time to see a great goldfield. It will be interesting to watch if Lord Tankerville's good shot will lead to another Cripple Creek.

Mr. Du Maurier would have been very much interested to learn the strange adventure which has befallen Madame Aalberg, the Bernhardt of Scandinavia. She lately utterly broke down and became temporarily dumb. Every remedy was tried in turn. At last hypnotism proved successful. Of course, this is not so wonderful as Trilby's case, for there hypnotism actually created a voice that was really *non est*.

The manipulation of photography for theatrical purposes proceeds ahead. Here I reproduce a group that has been prepared by Mr. Hana, whose work is often given in these pages. I notice that he has done some pictures of Miss Lottie Collins, cleverly arranging them in a frame which you may see displayed outside the Palace Theatre any evening.

The sick cats and dogs of New York have their lot cast in a pleasant place. The University of that city, through its faculty of veterinary surgeons, has taken them under its care, and erected a huge hospital, where suffering beasts and birds may receive the very best medical skill available. Overfed dogs suffering from forms of gout, underfed dogs suffering from rickets, millionaire's dogs waiting to have their teeth stopped with gold, may be found as inmates of the clinical wards. Operations are freely performed, and anæsthetics, ether or chloroform, are always used just as in ordinary hospitals. There are wards for birds, too, and little canaries may have their broken legs or wings splinted or amputated, as the case requires.



A CATS' HOTEL.

and it seems to have turned out a very paying concern, for they receive a large number of both winter and summer boarders. The cats' hotel is situated close to the Hudson River, and rejoices in the name of Naurashaun Farm. For twelve shillings a cat is boarded for one month, and there are no extras. Each cat has its own little home, and even its own yard, which is turfed. Pussy is an exclusive creature, and often dislikes to be made to cat, or, indeed, to mix much, with her fellows. Curiously enough, the only other boarders taken are parrots and canaries.

Lord Tankerville seems to have been indirectly the means of discovering another American goldfield. When on a shooting expedition in Colorado he shot a stag in whose mouth was found encrusted a quantity of pure gold, which could have found its way there only by the buck chewing sandy soil. The taxidermist who had made the lucky find ascertained what stretch of country Lord Tankerville and a friend of his had been shooting, and after some



A NOVEL THEATRICAL POSTER BY MR. HANA.

Even patients of a huge and troublesome nature, such as elephants and lions, are admitted, so that one may be sure the surgeons have both a varied and exciting experience. To most people this new departure on the part of New York University will, I dare say, recommend itself.

An American lady and her daughter recently opened a hotel for cats,

I cannot say whether I most pity or envy the latter-day pet dog. His ways are certainly made very smooth for him; but surely a self-respecting bow-wow, even of the tiniest toy order, does not enjoy wearing a coat exactly matching that of his mistress not only in colouring, but also in trimming. If the present craze goes on, there will soon be another saying—"Like girl, like dog." The New York belle, unlike her Paris sister, is not contented by the work done by the dog's own tailor, but insists on her own cutter and fitter adapting the prevailing mode to dear doggie's figure. One smart young widow is always accompanied by her poodle clothed in black mohair bordered with erape. That the fashion should have extended to monkeys is natural enough, for they are chilly creatures; but I am told they are more difficult to fit.



HOW HEADACHE IS PRODUCED.

I wonder if the heartless wearers of cart-wheel theatre-hats are at all aware of the injury inflicted on themselves by their heavy and ungainly head-wear. A woman's brain weighs only forty-four ounces, and in these days of extravagant trimming it is quite usual to meet a lady wearing a hat which must weigh quite as much, if not more, than all her brains put together. To this cause, I am told, can be traced many headaches, to say nothing of more serious brain-troubles. French milliners always consider the weight of a hat, and the lighter it is, the more a customer pays.

Apropos of ladies' hats, it is amusing, and perhaps a little pathetic, to be told of Mrs. Bryan's silver theatre-hat, presented to her by one of her husband's followers before the result of the American election was known. The hat must certainly have been a very striking example of the milliner's art, for about it was much silver-spangled braid, and a group of high silver aigrettes sprang from bows of silver-grey satin. Mrs. Bryan will probably keep it to fight the next election.

Of course, we have all heard of the few half-hearted attempts to introduce women-preachers into the United Kingdom; but, with the exception of the Hallelujah Lass, who certainly regards her platform as a pulpit, the innovation has not been regarded seriously. In America the "clergywoman" has long been a *fait accompli*. At least a hundred ladies are ordained every year, and it is expected that at the next census ten thousand women will have the right to put themselves down as "ministers." The oldest woman-preacher in the States is the Rev. Lydia Sexton. She was born during the closing year of the last century, and was, for a long time, Chaplain of a State prison. The Rev. Phoebe Hannaford, who is said to be the best-known lady-preacher in America, acted for a few years as Chaplain to a State Legislature. I fear, however, it will be a long time before we shall see a lady opening by prayer the proceedings in the House of Commons.

What will the doctors say about the latest invention "made in Germany." Still, there is no doubt that, to many chilly mortals, there is something very pleasant about the idea of a heatable shoe. This novel remedy for cold feet consists of a tiny boiler and furnace placed in the heel and toe of each shoe or boot. In a word, the inventor has imagined placing a glowing substance, similar in its nature to that used in the Japanese hand-warmers, within the heel of each heatable shoe, and this communicates with a tiny hot-water bag, on which the wearer's feet repose. Incredible as it may seem, the heatable shoe is said to have already found many patrons.



A HEATABLE BOOT.

Judge a man by his diary. Regarded by this standard, Sir Julius Benedict must have been the soul of method. His professional pocket-book is now issued by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co., the musical-instrument manufacturers, of Berners Street, and for all musical people it should prove very useful.

Little Stanley deserves every letter of his descriptive title, "The Lightning Cartoonist." Never before, surely, has there ever been a more rapid worker and a more faithful portrait-sketcher of such tender years. The little chap is the son of a sign-painter and ticket-writer living in Lambeth, and, though only eight years old, the boy has already made his mark in the world with his piece of charcoal, guided by his exceptional talent. The foundations of his fortunes may be dated from



LITTLE STANLEY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

the last Oaks Day, when he attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales. Among the crowd opposite the Royal Enclosure, Little Stanley was reaping a silver harvest by his striking portraits of the great sporting celebrities present, including his Royal Highness. On the Prince being shown a portrait of himself, he was so pleased with it that he at once sent the child-artist a sovereign. This Little Stanley now proudly wears, suitably framed, on his breast. A few nights ago he appeared at a concert at St. James's Hall, whereat the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, and other notabilities were present, and there Little Stanley astonished everyone. I had recently the opportunity, at the New Lyric Club, of watching the boy at work and noting his successes. He can sketch from memory over two hundred likenesses of celebrated persons. It is not only that he gets the features correctly, but he imparts so much expression that his pictures are living likenesses. He was particularly fortunate with his portraits of Mr. Balfour, the Marquis of Salisbury, Dr. Jameson, Li Hung Chang, Ally Sloper, and others. Mr. Gladstone he knocks off in exactly eight and a-half seconds, for he was timed. After his "turn" was over, many members of the club evinced the greatest eagerness to give the boy-artist sittings in the "green-room" for portraits, which were such faithful likenesses that they were taken away with a view of their being framed. Young Stanley is now publicly engaged at the Canterbury Music Hall.

If the Nuremberg of to-day be anything like the old-time city wherein Faust and Marguerite are said to have loved and suffered, it must be a very pleasant place. A street in Nuremberg is coming to London for the Christmas holidays, and will be located at the Crystal Palace, for Mr. Gillman tells me that one of the winter attractions at Sydenham will be a Toy Fair, constructed with a background representing a part of the old German city. The idea is a good one, and comes, I believe, from Buda-Pesth, to which festive city the manager of the Crystal Palace recently paid a flying visit. From what I am told, I gather that the development of toys on the Continent proceeds with wonderful rapidity. England does not know of half the clever contrivances that now go to make the wealthy German and Austrian children happy. There would seem to be a combination of science and fancy that makes many a toy the foundation of some useful lesson. The average toy made here is a thing of extreme and wonderful ugliness. Consider the high-priced Noah's Ark, the expensive box of soldiers. The figures resemble nothing that was ever seen by mortal eyes in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. Of late years children's books have improved wonderfully, and the supply has created a steady demand; toys remain stationary. On this account I welcome an attempt to show how many beautiful fancies are made elsewhere. The Toy-Land of the Crystal Palace may serve a far more serious purpose than merely pleasing a section of the public; it should, at best, promote a development of the toy industry in England, or, at the worst, rouse a fine discontent with the trash that commands the popular market of the day. I write with a considerable personal feeling, for in the days of my youth the collection of toy-soldiers was my particular delight, and I developed a critical eye for the various kinds and the imperfections thereof. The very best were always of foreign manufacture, and a dealer once told me that the cheapest and worst were made on the Continent specially for the English market.

It may interest my readers to know that the German Emperor's picture, "Niemand zu Liebe, Niemand zu Leide," which I reproduced recently, belongs to Messrs. Schäfer and Schonfelder, of Leipzig, and to them I was indebted for permission to publish it in these pages.

As I turned over the pages of "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes," noticed in detail elsewhere in this issue, I was more than ever struck with the draughtsman's dominant optimism. Most men, the longer they study the East End, grow less hopeful. Phil May, on the contrary, is growing more sympathetic, laughing with his donahs and his costers rather than at them. His point of view I call the Promise of May—

Gutter-snipes, happy and free,
Burdened by never a care,
With little to eat,
And shoes on their feet
That leave all their little toes bare.
Yet will they gambol with glee,
Merry as larks at their play;
Hard as the reason may be:
This is the Promise of May.

'Lizer, with feathers galore,
Tosses her wonderful mane,
Proud of her hat
And gorgeous cravat,
Poor, yet delightfully vain.
And its worries can't bore,
And in life's terrible fray
Little she sees to deplore:
This is the Promise of May.

Bill in his jersey's a king;
Never a collar or tie,
Ne'er a surtout
Like me or like you,
Never a comfortless sigh.
Wonderful slang can he sling,
Gentleman yet, in his way,
Kind to a kid that will cling—
This is the Promise of May.

Then there are the marvellous mokes,
Hard-working Jennies and Joes,
Trotting along,
Ne'er ailing, but strong—
Rarely an hour of repose.
Racers who run in the Oaks
Flash in your view for a day;
But the donkey is life to its folks,
And this is the Promise of May.

Here is a smart little golfer from Haddington. Though only six years old, he has been playing the game for three years. But then he has



"FORE!"

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

been cradled in the game. He is the youngest of a family of six, who can all golf, and his father and mother are keen players.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

There are times for repentance. On the first night of "The Manxman" I wanted "to take back" almost all the things I have written in disparagement of Mr. Wilson Barrett, an actor against whom, I fear, I have been prejudiced—only, however, by what has passed before my eyes on the stage. The Wilson Barrett of "The Manxman" seemed to me a new man. The mannerisms were gone, the splendid voice was used unmarred by the curious false high notes that often have distinguished it, and, throughout, restraint and power were the characteristic features. His Pete is a splendid performance, and answers criticism on every point. After making false prophecies concerning the other version, I will utter none about this, which seems to me of far less merit in conception, but much abler in execution, than the earlier play.

Does one desire to be harrowed by the sufferings of uninteresting people, even when their virtue and merit touch extravagance? I have my doubts. Certainly, my eyes were not under my control during some scenes of "The Manxman," but I grudged, and grudge, the emotions caused by Pete. Philip is the true hero of the play—he, and not the blameless blind peasant. Yet, assuming the author's point of view, his work has been done admirably. It is faulty, perhaps, in that Philip is needlessly cut down, while the character of Cæsar Cregeen is not wholly successful, since it is difficult to guess what he really is meant to be.

For a long time it has been said that Miss Maud Jeffries would some day take the town. Her charming work in "The Sign of the Cross" proved nothing more than that she is a sound actress, of great personal charm. So we waited very curiously for the Kate Cregeen, a part giving full scope. Certainly, as the merry, coquettish country-girl, and as the passionate creature, she did work of remarkable quality; but afterwards came disappointment—not that her acting shows any specific faults, but she seems to lack the power for such a heavy task. It appears to be a duty to say that the company was good in all cases, and particularly to mention Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Ambrose Manning, and Miss Daisy Belmore.

When a dramatic critic writes a play and has it produced, he does seem to be giving "hostages to fortune." One could imagine that those who have suffered at his hands would come to try to give him a Roland for his Olivers. Yet the noticeable feature of the house at "The Haven of Content" was its friendliness. Now, Mr. Malcolm Watson, if not one of the most bloodthirsty critics, has given many a handsome trouncing in his ably written *St. James's Gazette* criticisms. It seems a pity that, before "The Haven of Content" was presented, he did not apply more exactly his own standard of criticism to it. Had he done so his work would have been better than it is.

However, it is no little time since a work of such quality as "The Haven of Content" has been offered to us. No doubt, many of the charges brought against the piece are true; but the fact remains that many scenes were admirably written, and that Lady Jane Sudeley is a charming person, who was on the stage during about half the play and never grew wearisome. Mr. Watson has been witty without showing much sign of effort. His *bon-mots* vary in quality, from the "husbands are like truffles: the best are underground," downwards; but they maintained a level high enough to render the dialogue pleasantly entertaining.

How could she do it? How could Miss Granville venture to appear as a beautiful young woman when, according to the play, she must have been middle-aged? The result was a puzzle for the audience as to the relations between Lady Jane and the hero, not cleared up till, in admirable style, she told the charmingly written tale of her love-story. Yet one could forgive Miss Granville, seeing how perfectly she acted. It is a strange, disastrous state of affairs which leaves an actress of her charm and ability out of an engagement. Miss Haidée Wright, as heroine, was necessarily overshadowed: the young actress hardly did justice to herself, for she adopted from the first an intense manner which was out of place in comedy, and her gifts of power and pathos were weakened when the call came. It is to be hoped that Mr. Watson will vigorously overhaul his piece, and take some of the advice of his fellow-critics, for "The Haven of Content" is too good to be shelved, yet, as it stands, hardly good enough to be played.

"A White Elephant" is a curious instance of the law that a collection of pieces of able acting does not necessarily mean a good performance. It would be difficult to mention a farce that has been played by such a powerful company. Moreover, almost every member acted up to his or her level—what a pity that we have no word to replace the clumsy "his or her"!—while some were unwontedly good. Yet the acting was not quite satisfactory. Probably a company of mediocre players, well drilled and managed, would have been more successful.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Carton has drawn his characters without the extravagance of farce, and used them in an extravagantly farcical scheme. The players, finding in their hands nicely finished, quaint comedy characters, used all their skill in playing them within bounds of comedy; the play, in consequence, goes slowly, and the by no means brilliant intrigue hangs fire. Nothing could be more perfect than the Lady Gwen of Miss Compton; she never opened her languid lips without causing an outburst of laughter. To the life she presented the good-natured, weak-minded, empty-headed lady of fashion. Mr. Carton has drawn a new type, and his wife realised it. Nor could anything in its way be better than Mrs. Calvert as the Caretaker. Her make-up was a masterpiece; the curious coiffure, showing two or three wide partings

and pathways of head, was comically true; her gait, something between a waddle and an amble—Mr. Lewis Carroll would, perhaps, call it "a wamble"—was curiously droll, and the utter stolidity of her manner when she made curious, unflattering comments on the morals of the aristocracy showed nicest art.

Indeed, merely to see the acting of Miss Compton and Mrs. Calvert should repay a playgoer for a visit to the theatre. And if these ladies draw him, he will find his ears assailed by a flood of witty speeches. To tell the truth, I can remember so much that was truly comic, and in good style of farcical comedy, that I begin to wonder why I had any feeling of dissatisfaction, and why some, but not all, of the critics suggest that "A White Elephant" is in peril of failure; that some cutting and bustling would save it seems certain. Yet it would be a great pity to lose Mr. Kemble and his gout and oil-cake. He burdens the play, he makes it drag at an important moment; nevertheless, the part is so cleverly drawn and ably acted that one laughed even while seeing the danger of the play. Perhaps the Earl of Bawcombe and his knee-cap—not a very clever idea—should be the Jonah, and not Mr. Kemble, and still one would be loth to lose him and Mr. Eric Lewis.

It is very strange that one should be considering in cold blood what ought to be done to save a farce that has more cleverness than any produced since Mr. Pinero turned serious. There seems to be a cruel law by virtue of which it happens that a play mediocre in all parts is more likely to succeed than one partly brilliant and partly mediocre. The dullest moments of "A White Elephant" were more comical than the brightest of some farces that have run with success. No doubt, the same law applies to the Gilbert-and-Sullivan works. To compare their weakest moments with the strongest of many of the musical farces that have made fortunes would be cruel to the hybrid pieces; and yet we know, alas! that the Savoy has had great difficulties in modern times, and that failure has not been unknown. The pity is that the law, or rather, its operation, is irresistible, and affects not only the empty-headed playgoer, but also those who take highest pleasure in highest work. It appears to be a curious twist of human ingratitude.

A strange ill-luck pursues some actresses. Miss Nina Boucicault is a young lady of great ability, and sometimes has made and deserved a "big hit," yet for a long time she has been condemned to play tantalising little bits of characters, and one is always asking, vainly, for more. At the Comedy one wanted more of several people—of the irresistible Mr. Charles Hawtrey, for instance; he was very funny as the Hon. Stacey Gillam, without whose name no fashionable divorce case was complete, who is a "little wild, but not as honourables go." Fancy but five minutes of Miss Lottie Venné; it is true one remembers her in a part of not very much greater length—the Gutta-percha Girl—where she was vastly amusing. In "A White Elephant," however, she came in too late—the reserve was brought up after the battle. Alas that I have not space for the others, not even to talk about the diverting Brookfield and comical Ramsey!

Mr. Fred Jarman, an ingenious provincial playwright and touring manager, is an expert in the exhibition of gruesome themes on the stage. One of his dramas, "Under the Czar," had for its principal sensation the spectacle of a man being hanged, and in a new play of his just brought out he has virtually wafted the scent of electrocution across the footlights. The villain of "Right or Wrong" succeeds in placing both heroine and hero, the former on her lover's knee, upon the chair forming part of an electrocuting apparatus, and only by some accident in the works does the current become diverted on to the miscreant himself, who falls dead with features burnt and horribly distorted. A cheerful scene indeed, quite calculated to send nervous women into hysterics. But popular audiences enjoy this sort of thing, and hence the author's daring is partly justified.

Provincial playgoers will not have to wait long before witnessing "Two Little Vagabonds" in local theatres. The first English tour of this hugely successful melodrama starts in January, and as many as three companies playing it will be "on the road" next autumn.

A problem-play shortly to be produced in New York bears the singular name of "Two Plus One Equals Three." A similar numerical title, "Die Erste," is that of another problem-play, by Paul Lindau, lately performed at one of the German theatres in New York. One of Mr. Augustin Daly's Teutonic-cum-Transatlantic farces also, I think, had figures writ large upon its title. A new farcical comedy, "The Air-Ship," suggests by its appellation that the author is summoning to his aid the "latest developments" of modern science.

I am constantly referring to new exponents of the leading parts in "The Sign of the Cross." Miss Ettie Williams, a clever and ambitious young actress who was the latest Portia seen in London, is now playing Mercia in one of Mr. William Greet's touring companies.

I hear that Mr. George Alexander is taking very great pains over his revival of "As You Like It" at the St. James's Theatre. The presentation of the pastoral comedy at these matinée performances will be to a considerable extent spectacular. Thus there will be a large stage-crowd in the wrestling scene in the first act, and Mr. Alexander will make full use of the opportunities for pageantry towards the close of the play, some hundred people taking part in the procession of Hymen, masque, and ballet. In Miss Fortescue's almost contemporaneous revival of the same play, also, there have been many points of interest. "As You Like It" has been played at the St. James's several times before of recent years, though, of course, not under Mr. Alexander's management.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.

It is not surprising that the enormous advances made in mechanical processes of reproduction and the improvement of art magazine format, for which most credit is due to the *Studio*, should result in new art journals. In the beginning of the year we got *Architecture*. Now comes the *Architectural Review*, a distinct imitation, published by the proprietors of the *Builders' Journal*. Issued at sixpence net, it is well done, Mr. Joseph Pennell contributing some admirable sketches of Stationers' Hall. The number opens with an article on Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., whose work at Truro Cathedral marks him out as one of our ecclesiastical architects. The grand old church of St. Bartholomew the Great, in Smithfield, of which Mr. Charles Bird recently issued six etchings, is described at full length, with plans of Mr. Aston Webb's admirable restorations.

Photography continues to make its insistent claims upon the modern man, and here, if you please, is Japan competing with the West in this peculiarly Western product of science in marriage with art. Reproduced herewith is an amazing and extraordinary photograph by Reigi Esaki, a Japanese photographer, called a study. It is the last word of babydom. Find me an earthly baby, and here is that baby photographed—laughing, crying, listening, astonished, sulky, stolid, smiling, thoughtful, impudent, inquisitive, hungry, satiated. It is the most wondrous jumble of babies ever conceived and set together. You may deny, if you will, the name of artist to the creator of such a work. You cannot but acknowledge, at the same time, that he is a man of stupendous cleverness.

A word about his career. He was born in 1845, in Esaki Village, Mino, the son of a farmer of means and ability. His father died when the boy was but four years old, and he was for a considerable time under the guardianship of an uncle, who appears to have done his best to quell the ambitions which at an early period dominated the lad. However, in 1871, having succeeded in leaving his home, and having adopted photography as his profession, he was enabled, by dint of much self-sacrifice and abnegation, to set up a studio at Yedo. Here he was at first successful, but his success was short-lived. He proceeded to borrow money, and set up a second studio at Asakusa. In this place he proved completely successful, found the means to pay off the old debt, and a few years ago was even able to replace his second studio by a new one, which cost him no less than eighteen thousand dollars. He has the credit and distinction of being the first user in Japan of the gelatine dry plate. He is the recipient of a multitude of honours, and has justified in the most complete fashion the promise and ambition of his younger days.

The exhibition of the Society of Portrait-Painters, just opened at the Grafton Gallery, is this year particularly interesting. Perhaps the most attractive picture in the show is the late President's portrait of his wife, "Lady Millais." It is admirable both for its noble technical quality and for its sympathetic grasp of the subject. In truth, the portrait-painters of England are so rare a breed that it is more than delightful to encounter such a beautiful example of the art of portraiture by an English artist. After the "Lady Millais," one may notice

Mr. Constant's amazingly accurate and complete study, "Ma Tante," which, for fulness and sheer strength, probably has no rival in this particular show. There is humour, too, in its suggestiveness. The Hon. John Collier is also here represented by his very engrossing looking-glass work. It is astonishing that any man can perfect his art with so complete accuracy and skill, reproducing for you a face as that face sees itself in a mirror, and can yet move you so little by reason of the utter absence of poetry and mystery in all his work. Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, is represented here also by an excellent and meritorious drawing, "My Father and Mother." Mr. Legros is always an artist, and his chalks and silverpoints are admirable specimens of his art. It would be invidious to select other names where so much is really good; but the exhibition is one of extraordinary thoroughness, displaying both industry and conscientiousness.

The supposed miniature of Miss Dorrien by Mrs. Smith-Dorrien, recently given on this page, appears to be the work of another artist, the actual miniature of this lady not having been published in this place. The miniature of the bulldog given last week, and titled Mr. G. R. Sims's Barney Barnato, should have been called Clerkie. It is the property of Mr. Percy Soundy.

Apropos of the article published elsewhere on Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl, it may be mentioned that, in addition to the "Holbein Album," he is also issuing a very elaborate work on the National Gallery, the text of which has been compiled by the present Keeper and Secretary, Mr. Charles L. Eastlake. It will be profusely illustrated in photogravure. This may be described as one of the ventures in which there is more honour than profit. It is not the first album of the kind that Mr. Hanfstaengl has published, as he already numbers among his publications *éditions de luxe* of the Amsterdam, Hague, and Dresden Galleries,

and of the drawings in the Dresden Museum. Mr. Hanfstaengl assures me that the reproduction of the works of the Old Masters has always been an undertaking from which he has derived the greatest pleasure, because he has found that the more facilities the public have for seeing faithful translations of famous pictures, so much more is increased the demand for that class of publications. Of late years Mr. Hanfstaengl has found that there has been a growing demand for reproduction in colour. He has issued several important plates in colour, done by a process called "aquarellgravure," which is a secret and a very expensive matter, so that but comparatively few specimens can be placed before the public, a fact which is, however, not the case with carbon prints and photogravures.

The world is never tired of hearing about the many weird eccentricities of Mr. Whistler. Chicago is the latest spot to hold itself insulted by the great artist. He is credited with having declared that on no account should his portrait of Miss Marion Peck, for which the luckless young lady gave him over ninety sittings, go to such a place as Porkopolis. Thus it is that in the Peck drawing-room there is an empty space waiting for the longed-for picture. Perhaps, after Paris has had a chance of admiring the masterpiece, Chicago will be allowed to have a peep.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY M. REIGI ESAKI.

Reproduced from "The Practical Photographer," by permission of Messrs. Percy Lund and Co., Ltd.

THE NETHER WORLD AND MR. PHIL MAY.

There is a certain fairy-tale of two young princes who were brothers, and who set out to explore the world in opposite directions, coming together one day to show the spoils gathered during their voyages of discovery. In just such a way this book-publishing season has brought Phil May and C. D. Gibson together, each offering a portfolio of his work for our inspection. During the year they have been at the very poles of the social world, at the extreme ends of the great gamut that is marked off clearly with the different scales of society. Between the two men stands a whole army of black-and-white draughtsmen, vying ever more keenly with each other by reason of the tell-tale test of excellence which the almost universal methods of mechanical reproduction have entailed. But these two stand out, clear and distinct, as absolute masters.

In "Gutter-Snipes," published by the Leadenhall Press, and dedicated to its head, Mr. Andrew Tuer, Phil May gives almost as many pictures of the weird little folk of the nether world as there are weeks in the year. He knows that nether world as thoroughly as does George Gissing. The author of "Demos" is apt to dwell too long on its pathos, its sordidness, its entire oppressiveness.

Phil May inclines by temperament to its humour, to the kindness that animates it, to the optimism that is hard to crush. For instance, his frontispiece, entitled "Grace!" shows two ragamuffins, one batting with a spade, the other bowling with a turnip, as splendidly happy as if the scene were Lord's or the Oval. Two little girls dance to a hurdy-gurdy with the enthusiasm of a *ballerina assoluta*; a tiny thing in tatters,

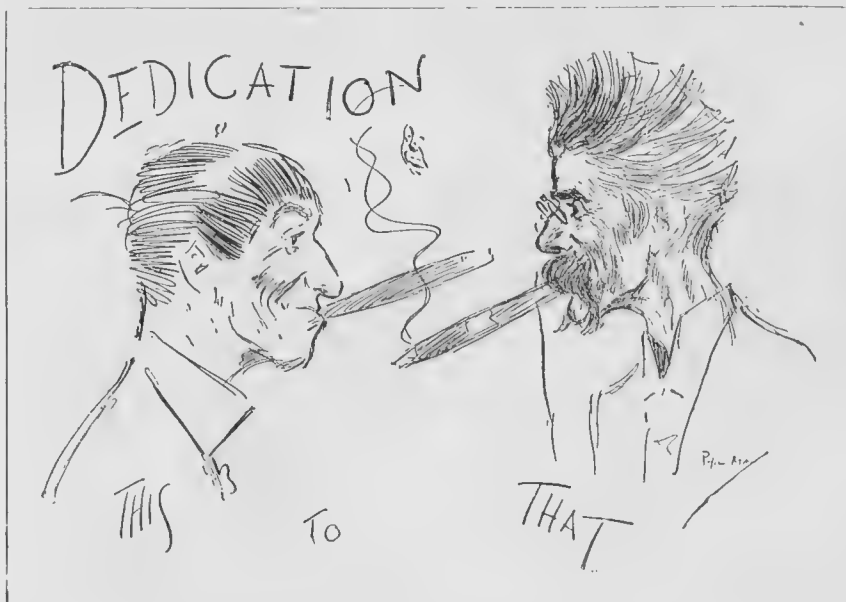
mounted on a broom-stick, drills his fellow-gamin before the gin-house door as proudly as if he were "Bobs" himself; the immortal tragedy of "Punch and Judy," played to the plaint of the traditional pipes and drum, rouses as much interest in that nether world as did the story of Mrs. Tanqueray in her little parish of St. James's. Malthus, whose philosophical creed is practically the basis of Keynoteism and the West

End, is meaningless to the little maidens of that nether world, who calmly accept the divers rôles of the mother almost from the cradle to the grave. And yet what an amount of human kindness there is in it all. The artist strikes that note in the preface to his publisher. "You and I smoke big cigars, while they, all too soon, poor little chaps, smoke what you and I throw away. Sometimes I wonder whether they don't lead the happier lives."

In his "Winter Annual" (Beeman Limited) he still clings to this world, where he has explored to such good purpose, with its costers, its loafers, its donahs. It is a world animated by the most primitive instincts and emotions. Its range of ideas is limited; it is remarkably simple—crude and coarse you may call it, if you have lived too long at Highgate or South Kensington.

Phil May has, accordingly, with a fine instinct, created a technique that expresses this in few, simple, and telling lines that have the mark of mastery in them. There is no elaboration, no tendrils and wisps, about it. It is direct. It expresses exactly what it represents, and no more.

How utterly different is Mr. Gibson's technique, and yet how admirably suited to his purpose! That is where he and May claim



PHIL MAY AND HIS PUBLISHER, MR. ANDREW TUER.



LITTLE MOTHERS

THE UPPER WORLD AND MR. C. D. GIBSON.

kinship. His beautiful album, "Pictures of People," just published by Mr. Lane, shows that at every turn. He covers a wide area, but it is nearly always in that upper world to which the Gutter-snipe is merely suggestive of Dr. Barnardo and the industrial school; or, at least, it is that demi-world of Paris, say, where poverty is a fine art. Since the issue of his previous portfolio Mr. Gibson has been in London; but his instinct made him hug the West End. Thus we are better able to judge of his skill as a delineator. That, let it be confessed, is now and then a trifle disappointing. We have quite a dozen black-and-white men of our own who could have given a more real impression of a Drawing-Room. Phil May could have drawn the portrait of the sandwich-board man at St. Martin's Church as he is. But where Mr. Gibson brings into play his delicate imagination he is himself again. Nothing could be better than the folk in a London theatre—the man and the woman in the stalls bored to unutterable death, the pit behind grinning with gusto. But best of all are the women of his imagination—impossibly splendid Dianas, goddesses whom no amount of athletics could ever develop. Yet they are embodiments of certain forms of aspirations; and the mere fact that these aspirations are acquired, are incidental, forms the pivot of his humour. With Mr. May, he insists that

the duchess shares with the donah the primitive instincts and emotions seen in their most striking, natural form in love. When 'Lizer becomes struck with the charms of 'Enery 'Awkins, she obeys the impulse and mates straight away. She satisfies herself. Not so the Gibson girl. She has to satisfy her acquired tastes for a place in Society and all that that entails—for instance, the

desire of her sex to rival men in a man's way, as pictured in the cartoon of the modern Joan of Arc. She is buffeted between instinct and intelligence; and these two things will, in nine cases out of ten, always be antagonists. Indeed, the promise of May is so simple, so direct, that Mr. Gibson has tried his fellow-artist before a jury of Cupids, as; if May excluded the divine passion from his outlook. And just compare those children, rosy, Reynolds-like in conception, with the Gutter-snipes on the other page; what a world lies between them! And yet, withal, the technique of Gibson is exceedingly appropriate—delicate, intricate, elaborate; to suit the bundle of names, and

ideas, and perplexing aims of the people he depicts. These two albums, in short, represent the highest point that black-and-white art for the purpose in view has reached in our day. They are things to treasure, and to return to when one's own eyes fail, as they will at times, to see into the heart of things around us.

J. M. B.



TRIAL BY JURY: PHIL MAY BEING TRIED BY A JURY OF CUPIDS.



A COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE DAYS TO COME.

These two Cartoons are taken from Mr. C. D. Gibson's "Pictures of People," published in this Country by John Lane, by permission of Mr. James Henderson.

"IN THE VOLCANIC EIFEL." *

A holiday party of three is the ideal combination of travel, not because it is necessarily more delightful than a holiday party of two, but because it is so much rarer that two agree together cordially than that three can manage the same feat. It is the merest commonplace that there is no more difficult achievement for two friends than a harmonious holiday of some length. The acclaimed equality of friends is the obvious reason of



MRS. KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

such difficulty, since in dual travel the wise man should perceive the absolute necessity for surrender of will at a thousand points—a truth which Bacon admirably indicated in his essay on Friendship by that keen piece of observation wherein he declares that friendship is rare between equals—equals, that is, not in position of life, but in mental and emotional characteristics. Yet it is the "friends" of such an equality who yearly persuade themselves that they are exactly fitted for joint travel, and whose persuasion is always and without exception disabused by a dismal enlightenment. The usually absurd theory of complementary differences is here a known and proved practice. A party of three, on the other hand, knows few or none of these difficulties. If you choose to sulk with one, you may carry your charms to another until the fit has passed with the dawn or the night or the warmth, or whatever may be the perfectly unreasonable cause for the sudden cessation of an ill-humour. Without jealousy, such a party may enjoy its treble chance of liberty unreservedly and with perennial cordiality. In a word, to come back to the starting-point, a holiday party of three is the ideal combination of travel.

The party of three, who started *via* the Hook of Holland, upon a brilliant summer's night, to visit that part of Germany which is known as the Volcanic Eifel, entered upon their journey in an emphatically happy frame of mind, and, from the record left of it in this volume, it would appear that this felicitous condition of affairs lasted until the close of the journey. This record is not, let it be said, a learned one, nor does it pretend to that high distinction. The geological references are something of the thinnest; "this spot is extremely valuable to geologists," or "the layers exposed in this scene should prove of great interest to the geologist"—phrases like these ever sum up the kind of language which dismisses that gravely scientific side of the subject. The account, in a word, is just one of simplest travel, with the surface experiences of appreciative visiting recorded in it. The travellers started from Harwich and travelled direct to Köln. Thence they made a sort of parabolic journey round the Eifel country and back to Köln, visiting Gerolstein, Lissingen, Kyllburg, Manderscheid and its neighbourhood, Trèves, Cochem, Coblenz, and Andernach. The chronicle is a gay one, however, for there is nothing so inspiring as the travel that is

enjoyed with heartiness. At the same time, to the reader approaching such a diary from the workaday aspect of things, with all the burthen of this unintelligible London upon his soul, the result is, perhaps, a trifle provincial. The joy of the thing is so apparent that trifles light as air find here their place, simply because it seems to the authors that anything that occurred while they were in this golden frame of mind must necessarily possess significance and importance. "I was one day resting," one writes, "on the bench near 'Ida's Lust,' when there came out of the wood a bevy of children and nurses carrying towels, evidently returning from bathing in this pleasant retreat." And again: "The talk at the crowded centre table sounded gay and bright; there were young ladies in white muslin, with sashes of many colours, and gay ribbons in their hair. . . . When supper was over we enjoyed the little walk back to our lodgings."

The book, however, has a purpose. That purpose is to persuade the world and his wife to visit the "Volcanic Eifel." I am not sure that this is altogether a laudable object. Some years ago a "literary" and enthusiastic person visited Capri, was immeasurably delighted by what he saw, wrote to inform civilisation of his discovery, and with a result that Capri has now been improved by tourists out of all recognition. If the family of Macquoid really desired to preserve any such innocence as may belong to the Eifel, the last thing they should have done was to publish this volume. For it certainly fulfils its purpose to admiration. With however great a simplicity of effect and occasional blankness of enthusiasm the literary part may have been put together, the result is to set one's travelling tooth on edge.

The book is really divided into two portions, although the one throughout overlaps the other. Part goes to the recording of the travels already dealt with, part to the legends that haunt the places of the Volcanic Eifel. This fabulous portion is not, however, remarkably successful. The Rhine Legends are to a considerable extent overrated, both for their picturesqueness and for their moral conclusions; and the legends of this division of the land are even more monotonous than usual. The country being volcanic, the nature of such stories may be easily guessed. Wicked Counts defy the heavens, and their castles are swallowed up by earthquakes at the moment of blasphemy; cruel Countesses set their dogs upon deserving beggars with exactly the same results; in a word, castles are for ever sinking into the yawning earth, and terrene explosions are for ever shown to be the result of a Divine anger. I cannot help thinking that, although the inclusion of so many volcanic stories swells the book



MR. GILBERT S. MACQUOID.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

to its most respectable size, it would have been altogether more complete if a thorough editing of this side of the work had been insisted upon.

It only remains to add that the illustrations by Mr. T. R. Macquoid, R.I., are exceptionally careful and, in many instances, engrossingly suggestive. Mr. Macquoid has visited the Volcanic Eifel with a determination to miss none of its poetry or its more occult beauty; and the result of his labours is extremely pleasant. The party, in a word, was a happy one, and the result of its joint labours is, like itself, eminently happy.

* "In the Volcanic Eifel: A Holiday Ramble." By Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid. With fifty-five illustrations by Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. London: Hutchinson and Co.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE REWARD OF A WOMAN.

BY LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

"Oh gemini! is this a beau? Let me see him again. Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither."—Sheridan."

The girl leaned both her hands on the little, rickety, hand-painted lodging-house table, and looked up with laughter and mock-admiration in her eyes at her lover, who came and stood before her. But the man looked down at her in eager pleading.

"Ursula, darling, how can you talk in that way—now?"

"How can I? Why, with a pretty grace, I hope."

"Ursula," cried the man, "don't have that mood! It hurts me. It maddens me to waste our minutes so. Oh, my darling, have you no sentiment in you?"

"Sentiment," she began lightly; but she stopped suddenly, and her word trailed off into a sob. "Bertie—"

The man caught her hands quickly.

"What, darling?"

She drooped her head on his breast and her breath came fast.

"You have thought me unsentimental, matter-of-fact, even hard—yes, just a little bit hard—ever since you first knew me; while you were so—so—otherwise."

He held her tightly to him now and waited.

"But"—and it was she who spoke passionately now—"I was only acting, Bertie; only showing you a surface heart. And now—now you are going away, and for so long, I will give up acting. I am sentimental—silly sentimental, if only you knew. I did not show it—I don't know—I was shy, I suppose. I thought you would not care for it—that you would laugh at me."

"Oh, Ursula, Ursula!" he exclaimed.

"I believe you would laugh now if you only knew how ridiculous I am—how much I love you. And now I have broken down—you have made me break down. I can never unsay my confession. I have humbled myself—I have laid bare my heart—"

"Ursula, my own! why did you never confess before? I laugh at you! Oh, my darling! I have hungered to hear you say such words."

The eyes of the girl were love-steeped, and her lashes wet, as she raised her head and looked up at the man.

"All this past year you have made me happier than I ever dared hope to be," she whispered, trembling—"the happiest woman in the whole world, I think."

And the man bent and pressed his lips to hers. "But I want to make you still happier," he said passionately. "I want to take you from all the care and the drudgery; to have you all to myself; to guard you, to cherish you—never to part. Oh, if only I had money! This waiting, waiting is awful; and the hope so small, the reward so slow."

"Am I really small—and slow?" she asked softly.

He laughed back at her. "Not you, dearest, but the getting-on, and the pittance; it all seems so endless. Even now I am holding you only to part from you—to go back to the grind. And worse than all is the knowledge that you also are drudging, and I cannot prevent it."

"As there must be waiting, dear, I am glad of the work to fill my time. And," with a swift blush, "I shall be saving for my trousseau."

"Don't, Ursula—don't go hoarding your shillings and denying yourself. Some day I will make my pile, and you shall walk in silk attire; and we'll leave the work, and the trouble, and the care, and go off a-wandering in Italy and Greece and Algiers, and every place we've ever set our hearts on."

The hollow-sounding clock upon the painted marble mantelpiece struck five metallic strokes.

"Five o'clock already!—This is awful! For a whole year, or longer. Say it again, Ursula—that you love me."

"I love you, Bertie," she said slowly and quite solemnly. "I love you. I think I would die for you willingly."

"Darling, darling, for a long year—" He caught her to him in a passionate embrace, his lips met hers again and again; then he turned quickly and went towards the door.

"There will be the letters," she said, in a voice which strove to be steady and cheerful, for his white, hopeless face hurt her heart. And then he was gone.

Three hours later the man sat at a cheery little dinner in London, a little farewell meal with a few old college friends. After which he went on board his steamer and walked the deck in the starlight, with a pipe for consolation as he thought of the poor and lonely girl he had left; and longed for money to bring him his desire. And so absorbing were these thoughts that the pipe went out, and still he paced to and fro, unheeding, until at last, his elbow being jogged accidentally, he came back to the near present again, and, taking the cold pipe from his lips, tapped it out on the rail. Then, while the ashes were yet floating down on to the waters, he went below to his berth and slept soundly.

And the girl Ursula sewed and sewed all the evening by the light of the cheap oil-lamp, and smiled stiffly with her lips, and tried not to depress her mother. And then she went to her room and packed her box to go a-governessing on the morrow. And after a while she went to bed, and there she lay with wide eyes and watched the moonlight on the window; and her heart felt widowed, hopeless, and would not be

cheered. And just as the dawn was breaking a great sob shook her, and at last tears came. And then she buried her head to muffle the sound of her weeping. And then she slept until it was time to rise again and face her loneliness.

... Your letters are so friendly, dearest, so abominably friendly; they verily starve my heart. Oh, why am I not rich enough to throw up this drudgery, and come home to you, and hold you in my arms again, and make you say you love me? I have to go over our parting again and again to make myself believe that all you said then is really true. Write me a real love-letter next time, darling, to help me to bear up.

The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes held happiness as she sat by the school-room table, with the piled-up work-basket neglected before her, and read the words again and again.

And the days, and the weeks, and the months, and the years passed on, and the pile of love-letters which came to the girl grew in bulk. Sometimes they were despondent, sometimes cheerful, sometimes hurried, sometimes tender, and sometimes the treasured space was overfull of descriptions of new friends or strange places. But the letters never failed to come, and the man never failed to long for the riches which could bring him to the girl's side, and make life happy for them.

And the girl longed and longed that she might meet her lover, if only for a day; that they might look each into the other's face, and, renewing hope, might start afresh. Some cynic told her that love was fleeting, a question merely of propinquity; but that cynic had not really meant to bruise the girl's enduring heart. Besides, the cynicism was not always true, for this girl's love was strong as ever—stronger. Why should not the man's be the same? he was better equipped for fighting doubts and fears. But the waiting was bitterly long.

At last, when endurance was becoming a habit, there came a shock—a shock of joy. Just a business matter, just money, just repentance to the amount of five hundred pounds a year out of the thousands of an erstwhile unforgiving uncle. But five hundred pounds a year to a little governess, to a waiting lover! It was ecstasy.

The school-room was as paradise that morning; the voices of the children were as angels' songs. For the waiting, the drudgery, the anxiety were over. Bliss lay within a blue envelope; joy was inscribed in straight lines of copperplate caligraphy. But the girl uttered no word of her happiness; it seemed too wonderful, and she wanted to realise it, and think.

A deed of gift. An anonymous deed of gift—that would be the thing, the girl decided. She would not keep one penny of it back. There seemed something calculating and mercenary in setting aside part for herself; besides, it would be all the same in the end. A deed of gift of five hundred pounds a year to Bertie! It was worth all the waiting, and the pain, and the work. This was her reward.

So the girl carried out her secret plans with a light heart and a happy brow, and the joyful message went across the sea to the man, in the copperplate caligraphy of the lawyer's clerk; while the girl herself—in the wilfulness of near bliss—sent over the sea also just a scrappy little letter, the most matter-of-fact she had ever sent, cheerful and friendly, telling of outside pleasures and daily trifles, of a little picnic in the wood, and a village concert—a little letter which would bring back a loving remonstrance in the midst of the tale of good fortune, and which would be a joke against her afterwards when the happy secret was known to the full. And she smiled as she sealed it and sent it on its way. And then she waited.

There were four-and-twenty days of the waiting; and the girl never forgot them—never quite lived down the strain of the painful joy, the rapturous anguish, as she pictured her lover's pleasure and endured all the minutes which were bound to pass before she could receive a sign.

"What will he say? Will it be wonder? Will it be only happiness? Will it be—himself?"

At last it came—the first sign of her sacrifice. It was a letter, rather short because written in a hurry by a busy man; and the girl was able to read it in the ten minutes which were hers before morning lessons.

DEAREST URSULA,—This letter will be only a scrap, I'm afraid; but I know you will forgive that, and I will make it up next time. Truth to tell, I am desperately pressed for time. I've had a little windfall left me in rather an odd way, and I've accepted it. Someone has taken a fancy to me, I suppose. (You can understand that, can't you?) So I'm going off on a good long tour, to see all the places I've wanted so long to see—Italy, and Greece, and I don't know where else. It's jolly to have a little money at last. Rather a large party of us are going—the Gleasons, the mother and daughter I've written about sometimes—and some friends of theirs I know fairly well; so I expect we shall enjoy ourselves. So glad you are having such a good time, my dear. Picnics and concerts are pleasures which seldom come my way. I will write again as soon as I can, but am uncertain when and where we halt.—Yours in haste, BERTIE.

"A little windfall!" "And I have accepted it!"

The woman's limbs shook, and her face became awful as she read. Then she shivered; and then the children came in to lessons.

One more letter crossed the sea from the woman to the man on his wanderings. The word "good-bye" was written across a bare sheet of paper, and the man considered that he had been uncivilly treated, and he felt very sorry for himself; but he never looked on the woman's face again.

The silly tale leaked out in time, and the world laughed at the comedy of it. But the woman failed to see the humour, and it was tragedy which lay at the back of her eyes in all the long years till she died.

SPORTING LITERATURE OF THE PAST.

III.—YACHTING.

The older the sport, the older the writing about it; and as yachting is an affair of this century, to all intents and purposes, we need not go far back into the past for the beginnings of yachting literature. It is useless to look for material in those magazines of sporting literature—the subject of a previous article—in which were stored a hundred years ago fact and fancy for the sportsman to draw upon still. A hundred years ago yachting was not a recognised and established sport. There were not then, I suppose, twenty yachts owned by private persons in Great Britain. In 1845 the *Yachtsman's Annual and Register* appeared—

a sign of advance. According to the Preface to that publication, “upwards of fifty of our Nobility” had taken up the sport. The author of this hand-book was Mr. George Frederick Bonner, whose name, as we shall find, is intimately connected with the early literature of yachting. It was dedicated to the Marquis of Anglesey, and enjoyed (it asserted in large capitals) “the August Patronage” of her Majesty, “in which she was followed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, his Majesty the King of the French, the King of Saxony, the Archduke Frederick of Austria, the Count of Syracuse, Prince Henry of the Netherlands,” and many more. But in spite of this mighty array, the circulation was too limited to encourage a second edition. For the literature of any sport to be voluminous, the sport itself must have not only antiquity, but a certain amount of popularity. The

popularity of yachting dates from some years later than the appearance of the *Yachtsman's Annual*. In 1851 the schooner *America* appeared in British waters, and won the now famous cup offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron in a race round the Isle of Wight. From that time yachting grew and waxed strong, as the latest issue (1896) of *Lloyd's Register* shows. *Lloyd's Register*, the *vade-mecum* of the present-day yachtsman, has a history worth noticing here. It was started by Lloyd's Society in 1878, and is an offshoot of *Lloyd's List*, founded in 1726. So far back as 1696 a news-sheet was circulated under the name of *Lloyd's News*, but after the twenty-sixth number, which contained some very harmless information aient the proceedings of the House of Lords, for which Mr. Lloyd was summoned to appear before the bar of the House, the paper ceased to be printed. For nearly thirty years, however, a written news-sheet was read in Lloyd's Coffee-house. Then, in 1726, as has been said, *Lloyd's List* was resuscitated, and it continued to appear under that name until 1884, when it was merged into the *Shipping Gazette*. *Lloyd's Register*, now in its eighteenth year, contains, besides the rules of the Yacht-Racing Association, all information for the construction, equipment, and classing of wood, composite, and iron yachts on the plan of supervision organised for the Merchant Navy. And the 1896 issue records the names of 6220 steam- and sailing-yachts. Such has been the rapid development in recent years of the sport.

Previously to the *America* episode, *Bell's Life*, the *Era*, the *Field*, and the *Sunday Times* published reports of regattas now and then, but

no periodical given up entirely to the aquatic sports had appeared. In August 1852, however, was issued *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

The *Times* and the *Field* have long been the great authorities on yachting matters; the most notable writers are Mr. Dixon Kemp, Mr. Harry Horn, and Mr. Andrew Thomson. Mr. Kemp, who was born in Ryde, I.W., in 1839, united with Prince (then Count) Batthyany Strattmann and Captain J. W. Hughes in founding the Yacht-Racing Association, the governing body of the sport. He reported yacht-races for the *Isle of Wight Times*, which he ultimately edited, and then he joined the editorial staff of the *Field*. Of his many books on the sport, “Yacht and Boat Sailing” has been translated into German, French, and Swedish, and is officially supplied by the Admiralty to the Royal Navy. There are a few other books which might be mentioned, notably

the “Memoir of the Late John C. Stevens, Esq.,” the owner of the celebrated *America*, by Mr. W. T. Porter, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*. But, the truth is, the library of good works on yachting is strictly limited.

Much of old yachting literature is more or less of a private nature. The “Rules and Orders” of the Water Club of the Harbour of Cork, established in 1720, and still flourishing as the Royal Cork Yacht Club, makes very amusing reading. An extract from “Tour Through Ireland by Two English Gentlemen” (London: printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, MDCCXLVIII.) gives an account of one of the earliest opening cruises on record—

I shall now acquaint your Lordships with a ceremony they have at Cork. It is somewhat like that of the Doge of Venice's wedding the sea. A set of worthy gentlemen, who have formed themselves into a body which they call the “Water Club,” proceed a few leagues out to sea, once a year,*

in a number of little vessels which, for painting and gilding, exceed the King's Yacht at Greenwich and Deptford. Their Admiral, who is elected annually, and hoists his flag on board his little vessel, leads the van, and receives the honours of the flag. The rest of the fleet fall in their proper stations and keep their line in the same manner as the King's ships. This fleet is attended with a prodigious number of boats, which, with their colours flying, drums beating, and trumpets sounding, forms one of the most agreeable and splendid sights your Lordships can conceive.

The “Rules and Orders” in the earliest copy in existence contains much conscious and unconscious humour. By Rule II. it is “Ordered, That no Admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the Entertainment of the Club,” and by Rule III. it is “Resolved, That no Admiral presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat, for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient rules and constitutions of the Club, except when my Lords the Judges are invited.” The Order “That no long tail-wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles, be worn by any Member at the Club” was subsequently abolished, as appears from a manuscript annotation in the aforementioned old copy. “Talking shop” was guarded against by a resolution “That such Members of the Club, or others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner be fined a bumper.” And much may be conjectured from the Order, under date April 21, 1737, “That for the future, unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share, and a peremptory!”—M.

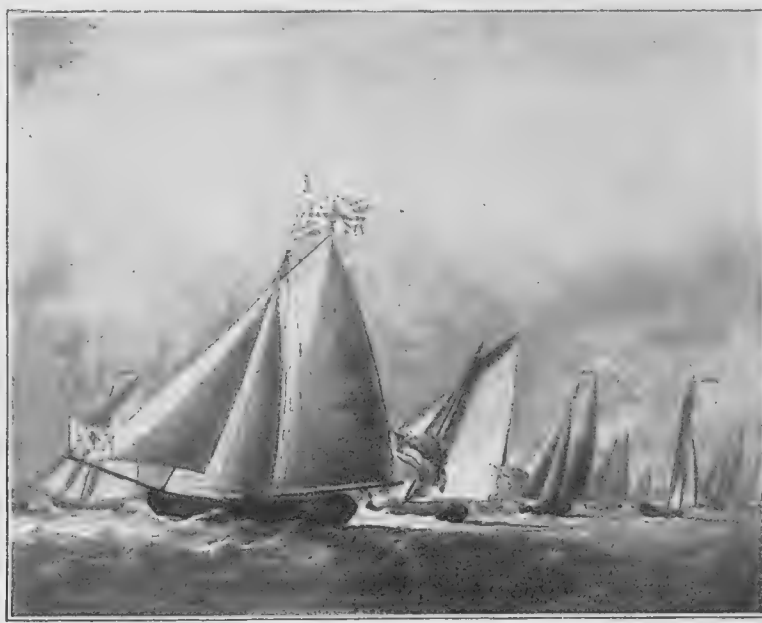
* This is a mistake, evidently. It appears by the Order No. 1 that the Club meet for sailing once every spring-tide.



ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB-HOUSE.



From a Painting in the Royal Cork Yacht Club.



From a Painting in the Royal Cork Yacht Club.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SCENE: BEFORE MUGGLETON'S RESIDENCE. TIME: 2.43 a.m.

MUGGLETON (*reading*): "Even on a show visit your overcoat should be left in the hall"—hic! That 'll b—be beashly difficul'—an' what about m' bootsh?



A MORNING BATH.



SELF-DENIAL.

[Drawn by T. W. Coudery.]

GIRL : Please, Sir, will you give me something for the Salvation Army? This is Self-Denial Week.

OLD GENTLEMAN : Self-denial! A most excellent thing. I am very glad indeed you applied to me. I shall have much pleasure in giving you—er—an opportunity for—er—exercising that same self-denial by—er—withholding that small contribution which—er—er—under other circumstances I should have been only too happy to have offered you. Good afternoon.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

XVII.—MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

The late John Cassell has been described as the pioneer of cheap literature, but it would be more correct to state that he carried on and developed in a score of ways the work commenced by Charles Knight and the Chambers' of Edinburgh. John Cassell's restless energy came into work at a time which was peculiarly favourable to its particular character. There were many publishers who, from the latter part of the last century to the middle of the present one, had accumulated large fortunes out of the "number" trade; but these serial speculations, "ramped" up as they were by the irrepressible Brotherhood of Grub Street from standard works, were, for the most part, beneath contempt; and their illustrations were, if possible, more worthless than the text to which they were attached. They served their purpose, however—they enriched the publisher and left the reader as poor in mental food as before. John Cassell's earlier attempts to reform this kind of thing may not have been all that the higher canons of literary and art criticism could have wished; they, at all events, gave the death-blow to a very rotten kind of hack-work, and were the forerunners of a kind of literature which was acceptable and educational.

John Cassell is a splendid specimen of the many Englishmen who, half a century ago, carved their own way from poverty and ignorance to wealth and eminence. He was a native of Manchester, where he was born, in 1817, of parents in the humblest walk of life. When quite a child he started work in one of the Manchester tape-factories; when still a youth he was working in a carpenter's shop, and soon gained much local celebrity as an advocate of temperance, whence the sobriquet of

Family Paper in 1861. Close as is the association of the name of Cassell with those of Petter and Galpin, it is a curious fact that the connection only lasted ten years, for John Cassell succumbed to an insidious disease in 1865: he had, however, lived long enough to render his name illustrious in connection with the production of pure, popular literature. The great work which he inaugurated has been consistently perpetuated by his successors—elaborated in ramifications and to an extent of which not even John Cassell, in the wildest moments of his enthusiasm, dreamed.

When the originator of the firm died, upwards of five hundred men were employed at the works, and 855,000 sheets were printed off weekly, requiring a consumption of 1310 reams of paper. At the present time the number engaged in La Belle Sauvage Yard is over 1000, and the output of work has increased enormously during the past thirty years. It is now one of the most extensive printing and publishing concerns in the world. By 1883 it had assumed such colossal proportions that it was converted into a joint-stock company, branches having already been established in Melbourne, Paris, and New York; but the latter was disposed of shortly after the conversion of the firm into a company. Mr. R. Turner was the first general manager of the company, and in this position he was succeeded by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, the former editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and now editor of the *Speaker*. The second partner of the original firm, Mr. George William Petter, died, in his sixty-fifth year, on Sept. 16, 1888. Mr. T. Dixon Galpin, although largely interested in the company, has been compelled by increasing age to withdraw from active duties. The *doyen* of the establishment is Mr. J. F. Wilson, the head of the printing department, who was with John Cassell as far back as 1849.

It was not long after John Cassell's death that the surviving partners launched out into a vastly superior style of book-publishing than that for



THE LATE MR. G. W. PETTER.



THE LATE MR. JOHN CASSELL.



MR. T. DIXON GALPIN.

"The Manchester Carpenter." Before he was twenty years of age he came up to London, and his first public speech in the Metropolis was at the New Jerusalem School-rooms, Westminster Bridge Road. He is described by one who saw him there as "a gaunt stripling, poorly clad, and travel-stained, plain, straightforward in speech, but broad in provincialism." He soon afterwards started on a temperance tour—a journey at that time fraught with difficulty and hardship. As a temperance lecturer, Cassell was a very great success; it brought him fame, and a wife in the person of Miss Abbot, a lady who possessed a small fortune. For a time after his marriage he was in business as a tea and coffee merchant, but at no period did his zeal diminish in the interests of temperance. His great energy gradually found its natural outcome in getting temperance tracts and booklets printed; then he started the *Teetotal Times*, and after this he rapidly branched out into many and various departments, the more notable successes being the *Working Man's Friend*; the "Popular Educator," of which, since first issued in 1852, over 1,000,000 copies have been sold; the work which he himself always regarded as the most important, Cassell's "Illustrated Family Bible," which has also sold by the million; and, next to this, his "Illustrated History of England." For forty years each of the last three publications has been in almost constant circulation, new and revised edition after edition pouring forth at frequent intervals. The cost of producing the "Family Bible," which was commenced in 1859, is said to have amounted to £100,000, but that the experiment was a success is proved by the fact that by 1865 upwards of 350,000 copies were sold.

Cassell had not been publishing long before he found that his energy was greater than his capacity; accordingly, in 1855, he entered into partnership with Messrs. Petter and Galpin, the printers, at that time located in a few rooms in Crane Court. John Cassell, who started first in the Strand, removed to La Belle Sauvage Yard prior to the partnership, the completion of which gave him perfectly free scope to plan further literary ventures. He visited America twice or three times, and a series of papers on "America as It Is" appeared from his pen in the

which they had been long and honourably known. One of the first moves in this direction was made when they secured the English rights of Gustave Doré's works. They soon became known as fine-art publishers, and this fact became accentuated when, in 1878, the *Magazine of Art* entered on its useful and successful career. Cassell's *Family Magazine*, started in 1853, and the *Quiver*, which first appeared eight years later, have almost developed into fine-art publications. It is said that the original cost of Messrs. Cassell's stock of blocks is upwards of £1,000,000.

One of the most successful ventures was Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ," which appeared in 1874. Messrs. Cassell suggested the book, and the plan thereof, and its success was unparalleled; it is probably the most widely read English theological work of the century, nearly forty editions having been issued. Undoubtedly the greatest work which Messrs. Cassell and Co. ever undertook was the "Encyclopædic Dictionary," the preparation of which occupied a large staff of specialists nearly seventeen years, with the result that the "Dictionary" contains fifty thousand more words than any other, and is unquestionably the finest complete work of the kind extant. It is neither possible nor desirable to enter into an enumeration of the very many successful books which have appeared with the imprint of Cassell and Co. It may be mentioned, however, that the first London halfpenny newspaper, the *Echo*, was established in 1868 by the firm, and that its first editor was Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Arnold, the present Chairman of the London County Council.

During the last few years Messrs. Cassell and Co. have kept pace with the times in many and various ways. They have secured books written by some of the most popular authors. Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," for instance, has had a phenomenal sale, while Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister," Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Catriona," the novels of Mr. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), and works by a score of other leading writers in all departments of literature, science, and art, testify to the fact that Messrs. Cassell and Co. are fully alive to the advantages of good authors as well as good books.

W. ROBERTS.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES WILMOT.

The death of Mr. Charles Wilmot, which took place on Wednesday night, removes from the theatrical world a very notable figure, who had tried his hand in every department of the profession he loved. For nearly forty years Mr. Wilmot had been a leading light in the profession; but success had raised him, untouched by dishonour or pedantry, to the rare position of a man who was loved and respected by peers and subordinates.



MR. CHARLES WILMOT.

Photo by Deneulin, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Wilmot, who was the son of an actor, was born in Plymouth, but, as a very young man, he migrated to the Colonies, where, as a low comedian, he won his spurs in the "fifties." The destiny which shapes our ends placed young Wilmot's foot on the lowest rung of the dramatic ladder, thereby giving him the minute insight into the artistic and technical details of his art which has stood him in such good stead in later years and helped to make him what he was—one of the keenest, kindest, and richest of modern managers.

It was in Melbourne, under the régime of the late G. V. Brooke, that Mr. Wilmot first trod the boards. The spell

which the genius of the great tragedian threw over the young artist still held the heart of the experienced manager, for he averred that a greater than Brooke has not adorned the English stage in living memory. Neither could he, after a long lapse of years, recount the thrilling story of Brooke's sacrificial death, when, as a real hero in a real tragedy, he went down in the *London*, without a tremor in his voice, which emphasised the fact that the men who make the world laugh live very near to pathos. But it was at the Princess's Theatre, Dunedin, as Peter Pinkey in "Single Life," that Charles Wilmot first set the drollery ball rolling and established his reputation at the Antipodes as a comedy actor of the first water. The famous Lady Don was in the cast as Kitty Skylark, and so enamoured were she and the public of Wilmot's conception of Peter that he at once took the position of a comic "star" in the land of gold and Maoris.

Since those days Mr. Wilmot had played many parts. In low-comedy business he acquired an extensive repertory. Turning back the pages of my veteran memory, I can recall some of the critiques of the New Zealand pressmen even now—their enthusiastic praise over the young Englishman's "lofty and majestic Dido," his boisterous Widow Twankey in "Aladdin," and his facetious Ænone in "Paris"; his volatile Ganymede in "Ixion," and his bewildered Lovibond in "The Overland Route." In fact, every personification he undertook they declared "but added another laurel to his well-won wreath"; while they told us that in his rôle of Peter Probity in "The Chimney Corner" he displayed such deep pathos that "the audience were in tears, and even his fellow-actors visibly affected." So popular was Wilmot at this time that a freshly imported dramatic critic who ventured to make a mildly disparaging remark was hooted in the streets of Dunedin.

Mr. B. L. Fargeon was editor of the *Otago Daily Times* at this juncture of Mr. Wilmot's career. That disappointed genius, too, R. H. Horne, "the Hermit of the Blue Mountains," was in the Colonies in those days; and Sir Julius Vogel, and many another well-known man, for the gold craze was at its height, and men who are now the pillars of the Empire were having their "fling."

So it was that, furnished with convincing proof that he had not attained even unto the fringe of the zenith of his fame as an actor, young Wilmot bade good-bye to New Zealand, and, with a watch of rare workmanship in his pocket, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by the inhabitants of Dunedin, set sail for England, bringing with him, to use his own words subsequent to his silver wedding, "one of the best wives that ever a man was blest with."

Mr. Wilmot came to London in 1869, and in that year was engaged to play in a farce, "Sarah's Young Man," and understudy for George Vincent's part in "Won by a Head." After that he was at the Adelphi and Princess's in Paul Bedford's parts in "Green Bushes," "Flowers of the Forest," &c. Subsequently he appeared as the original and inimitable Joe at the Globe, while in Madame Rose Hersée's season of grand opera at the St. James's he took buffo parts in "La Sonnambula," "Martha," and "The Daughter of the Regiment." Lyceum audiences likewise laughed over his acting in a clever farce of his own construction. In short, he was abreast of the first actors on the London stage, and his popularity here was rivalling that which he had won in the Colonies; but, in the meantime, the whole tenor of his life had been changed, for a fearful epidemic had entered his home, and with ruthless sweep had carried away Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot's three children.

Their intention of returning to the Colonies was at once abandoned, for three little graves bound them to the Mother Country. Mrs. Wilmot

was inconsolable. Her husband, therefore, cast about him for some work which would employ his wife's energies and mind. His business eye soon lit upon the Coal Hole in the Strand, which, in spite of its old-world fame, he purchased for a few hundred pounds. After banishing its disreputable "Sing-Song" and spending a couple of thousands upon improvements, he quickly established it as a tavern of good repute. The responsibilities of her new home soon re-established Mrs. Wilmot's health and interest in life, and from that time forward she had worked shoulder to shoulder with her husband.

The building of the Thames Embankment enhanced the value of the Coal Hole, until in 1877 Mr. Wilmot sold it for £12,000, leaving half the money on mortgage, which necessitated his retention of possession till ten years later, when he built Terry's Theatre on the site, and, in due time, disposed of his interest to Mr. Edward Terry. Meanwhile, Mr. Clarence Holt, a former manager of the Princess's in Dunedin, and Mr. Wilmot acquired the Duke's Theatre, Holborn. Here they eventually produced one of the most remarkable dramas and electrifying successes within theatrical memory—Paul Merritt's "New Babylon."

"I will sell you this piece for two hundred and fifty pounds," said Merritt to Mr. Holt and Wilmot; but the net profits amounted to twenty thousand pounds, and the managers of the Duke's handed the author one-third of the amount.

"New Babylon" was melodrama with a vengeance! Scenes from the old Cremorne Gardens were produced with startling fidelity. Even the identical "M.C." who had done duty for many years at Cremorne was found doing business at the Duke's. Lavish expenditure on scenery and effects added brilliancy to the play; in short, it was staged and managed as Wilmot and Holt in the flush of their best days could do it. "New Babylon" ran for two years, and then the enterprising management produced "Conrad and Lizette," one of the first of the variety plays imported from America. This speculation was a comparative failure, and in consequence "New Babylon" was re-established, and "caught on" as furiously as ever, until, on July 4, 1880, the theatre was burned down. Before this catastrophe Mr. Wilmot had bought out his partner, and remained sole manager of the uninsured Duke's.

In '83 we again find Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Holt collaborating, as managers of the Grand, Islington, which had been built on the site of the Philharmonic, which had been previously demolished by fire. A prize of £500 was offered for an opening drama. But nothing was forthcoming worth staging. "A Bright Future" and "The Donagh" were in turn put on the boards; but, as the playgoers of Merrie Islington were not so highly educated in histrionic art as they are to-day, thanks to Mr. Wilmot, it was found that the financial results would not recoup the outlay entailed.

At this juncture the management again dissolved partnership, as far as the Grand was concerned. Meanwhile Wilmot and Holt had established a touring business on a gigantic scale, and were hailed in the profession as the pioneers of the road and the most adventurous spirits of the times. None of the big successes of Old Drury and the Adelphi were too large for them to transmit to the provinces. They kept nine companies simultaneously on "the go," each one completely equipped with scenery and properties from their own scene-shops and wardrobe-factories. This road business Mr. Wilmot handed over to Mr. Holt, while he retained the managership of the Grand, and hit upon the profitable plan of making this commodious and handsome North London theatre the lucky starting-house of the best touring companies that migrate from the West End. Success crowned his scheme; but the demon fire was again on his track, and a few days after the production of the Christmas pantomime in '87 the all-devouring flames licked the pretty playhouse into a cinder, and history doubly repeated itself in the fact that there was no insurance to compensate Mr. Wilmot. But, Phoenix-like, a new and grander Grand rose from the ashes of the old. Again the musical changes and chimes of success were rung, until to-day the Grand has drifted into the arms of a company. At the time of his death, Mr. Wilmot had several other going concerns in hand, and many a visionary venture up his sleeve. Sadler's Wells Theatre was his, or rather, his wife's, for the freehold of the historic histrionic pile was his "little present" to Mrs. Wilmot when they were twenty-five years married.

Another of Mr. Wilmot's enterprises was the rebuilding of the Olympic Theatre, at an outlay of thirty thousand pounds. Fluctuating fortune awaited him here, and as a result the theatre was transformed into a music-hall at a cost of eleven hundred pounds. Mismanagement on the part of the company who took the Olympic eventually compelled Mr. Wilmot to demand their wind-up, when the Lord Chamberlain again granted a theatre licence, which had enabled Mr. Wilmot to enter into negotiations with a strong syndicate, and some important and large productions were in course of preparation for this commodious house.

As the compeer of the leading "stars" of a generation ago, Mr. Wilmot could tell many a good tale. He was the friend, too, of the "stars" and lesser lights of to-day, always ready, in his kindly, unobtrusive way, with wise advice and warm encouragement. Though he had speculated largely in his time, he was not a reckless man, being far-seeing and pretty sure of the value of his bargain before he made it. He was sanguine, too, as every man must be who plays into the hand of the future, yet on the night previous to a great production there was no manager in the profession more anxious.

Mr. Wilmot leaves three children, a son and two daughters. The son, though young, is developing in a remarkable degree his father's aptitude for management, whereas the youngest daughter inherits the paternal skill as a violinist, supporting thereby the unwritten law of heredity.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Truly the London County Council is unfortunate in its friends. At the last election their extravagant claims and assertions turned the average voter against them, and now the zeal of certain officials of the Works Department has eaten up their own offices, and possibly the establishment to which they belonged. The fact is that the Progressive champions of the Works Department were extravagant in their hopes and expectations. The County Council, an assembly of well-meaning amateurs, was to direct enormous building operations, pay its workmen far better and care more for their comfort than the wicked contractor, and, at the same time, do the work in the best possible style and save the pocket of the ratepayer. The thing was not to be done. A public body or Government office can never get work done as cheaply as a private contractor, simply because it is directed by persons who are not always experts and who have no special motive for saving on estimates. The best way is to face this as a necessary fact, and to point out the superior reasons in favour of the direct control of a work by the body that orders it. A Government, for instance, must always, if possible, manufacture its own engines of war, for only thus can it make sure of getting the required quantity and quality in time of need. The extra cost is in the nature of an insurance.

The Progressives should have faced this boldly. They could have said that the better quality of the work done was a set-off against the increased cost. They should have appealed to the pride or the benevolence of the ratepayer against his parsimony, and told him that, if he paid more for painting his bridges, the paint would last longer and look better than ever before, and the painters would not be "sweated" by middlemen. They chose, however, to make an assertion that clashed with known and permanent facts of human nature. And their subordinates, confronted with the same difficulty in a practical shape, said, "So much the worse for the facts." If the expenditure did not agree with the estimate, it must be cooked till it did. Otherwise, the wicked Moderates would inflame the stingy ratepayers to abolish the Works Department altogether, and certain Progressive, if not over-particular, officials would lose their berths. It is not necessary to suppose that the delinquents were instigated by any members of the L.C.C. Corruption in the public service seldom proceeds by direct theft or bribery; its commonest methods are the appointment and retention of unnecessary or incompetent officials.

It is touching to note the excuses made for the sinners by the more daring of the party in whose supposed interests they worked. One ardent writer, a journalist *pure encre*, would have it that here is a mere venial adjustment of profit and loss between cognate and hardly distinguishable transactions, a mere method of book-keeping, such as might be adopted by any merchant. Only the merchant knows the real facts of the transactions, and if he shuffles his profits about—so long as they are his own profits—no one is deceived. The former County Council officials falsified their accounts, apparently, in order to deceive their employers. They expected to derive no profit from their action other than the probable continuance of their salaries; but they none the less wilfully deceived the persons who had the legal and moral right to know every detail of every account. They deliberately stated as true the thing which was not, but which ought to have been, according to their wishes and forecasts. This is a familiar feature of the New Journalism, but it is not yet recognised as sound finance. Perhaps, when the New Arithmetic has replaced the traditional and reactionary aphorisms of the Old, two and two will make five or three, according as the two twos are Progressive or Moderate, and pupils of the future will learn book-keeping at the County Council School of Cookery.

The European nations are giving the most convincing proofs of their desire for peace, according to the Latin adage, for all continue to prepare vigorously for war. Especially conspicuous are the two amiable members of the Dual Alliance. Though our experts doubt whether France alone might not keep up her end very well against us in a naval contest, French patriots are clamouring for a huge increase to their navy, and Russia is spending a great sum to add to her fleets. These measures, especially for Russia, can have but one meaning. The Dual Alliance have enough ships now to blockade the Triple, and Russia is hardly assailable by sea. The object of the new armaments is attack, not defence. England, on her part, must build more ships than the two allies together, or submit to be overmatched in the near future. In the last century she would have gone to war to forestall possible attack; but war means so much more now than it did, and naval war in particular is so much of an unknown quantity, that, unless one side has a manifest superiority, neither of the two opposed parties will care to begin.

Probably, if the naval wars of the future could be limited in scope and consequences, we should soon have one. The sailors and experts of all nations are burning to test their ingenious machines by actual experiments. Manœuvres are cold and artificial. A whole generation of ironclads has passed through every stage, from floating fortresses to old iron, without firing a shot in anger. There are no "little wars" to test our new machines; savages do not go to sea, or if they do, a wooden gunboat can settle them with great ease. Could not the Dual Alliance arrange to fight Great Britain, a dozen ironclads a side, for ten millions? It would not result in heavy loss of life, and it would be such a boon to engineers and experts!

NARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. James L. Ford's "Literary Shop" (Lane) treats more directly of literary life in America to-day and yesterday. But a good deal of it is familiar. They do things in a bigger, bolder strain over there; their mechanism is much more perfected, and they are much franker about the mechanical part of the literary output. Otherwise, we can read our own conditions in Mr. Ford's sketches and satires. Only it is not good for the great world of readers to be taken so much behind the scenes. They should never know how an editor, and especially a good one, sometimes thinks of his *clientèle* before the final good of humanity, nor that the contributors ever have any idea of the editor's peculiarities and personal tastes, and shape their matter accordingly. The revelation will amuse them, but it is a harmful amusement. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the history of the great American editors and publishers, who have in times past controlled armies of pressmen and have acted the benevolent tyrant to their myriads of readers. There should be interesting records of the same kind in England.

Now that the volumes of Messrs. Dent's "Temple Shakspeare" have all been issued, they are being followed by another series similar in shape and size, "The Temple Dramatists." "The Duchess of Malfi" has already appeared. In spite of its antique circumstance, its now impossible incidents, how new it is, how near to us in this quarter of our own century, how much more readable by the average person, than nine-tenths of the hardly less melancholy and feebler representatives of its kind to-day, the "Keynotes" order of stories!

A writer who uses the pen-name of "Noel Ainslie" has achieved considerable success by what is, I believe, her first novel, "An Erring Pilgrimage" (Lawrence and Bullen). It is open to doubt, of course, whether Jim the hero, or rather, the "erring pilgrim," is worth writing about at such length; for he is a very stupid person, only made interesting by a combination of circumstances which he influences very little. But the stupid person plays a conspicuous part in modern fiction, and is taken very seriously. Miss "Noel Ainslie," a modern of the moderns, overdoes the serious analysis, and it is not the only fault of the book. There are tiresome passages and there are improbable passages in it; and the morality will seem to some severe persons questionable, though I think that it is probability and not morality that is outraged. For surely it is improbable that a particularly refined and intellectual girl should marry an exceptionally vulgar cad, partly out of pique that the stupid hero does not choose her, and partly because she is proud that she is not so much apart from other women—that, in fact, she is pleasing to the lower nature of a cad. There is a bad defect. Yet the book is able. The writer has a grasp of many kinds of human nature. There is a laudable attempt at thoroughness in its treatment of difficult situations, and if "Noel Ainslie" will only choose for her next book a set of characters that do not compel her to be cynical she will have a pleasanter and a completer success.

In Brattleborough, where the scene of Mr. Lucy's book ("The Miller's Niece, and other Stories," Hodder and Stoughton) is laid, there were occasionally as many as ten people to be seen in the street; but they moved about slowly and languidly. Thought, too, was slow, and changes infrequent in Brattleborough. Frank Fisher, a semi-successful painter, and Josiah Smith, a learned antiquary, had been friends in youth, but for ten years had altogether lost sight of each other. Both were, however, moved to visit Brattleborough at the same time, and meet again here in Mr. Lucy's pages. Frank Fisher has spent the intervening time in studying art-galleries on the Continent, painting pot-boilers to pay his way. Josiah, who seems to have gathered that Frank has been driven abroad by something that had occurred at Brattleborough ten years ago, tries to make his friend talk over that period, asks him what sketches he had made in the neighbourhood of Brattleborough in the old days, and gathers the information that he had "made a very good sketch of a magistrates' court in a little room off the Market Place."

"Did you work on the sketch?" asks Josiah. "No; I could not bring it away." "How was that?" "Well, you see," replies Frank, "I did it with a black-lead pencil on the wall of the cell to which I was removed after the three wise men in the Windsor chairs had made up their minds to commit me there on a charge of wilful murder."

After reaching this dramatic point, Frank said, "Good-night. I will tell you the rest in the morning." But in the morning he had left. "Friendship established at school, and revived after an interval of ten years, is a delicate flower, and is easily trodden under foot," observes Mr. Lucy; but Mr. Josiah Smith was far more seriously disturbed by his friend's having smoked eight pipes at a sitting than by his four days' residence at the country's expense in Brattleborough Jail, for he believed "that much smoking had made Frank mad." Of course, the latter had easily proved an alibi, but he was, somehow, in no hurry to reveal this to his long-lost friend. Of course, too, the real murderer was so obviously the guilty man, and so extremely easy to convict as such, that had he lived in any less sleepy place than Brattleborough, and had his freedom from suspicion not been desirable for purposes of fiction, he would not have been at large for a single day. Mr. Lucy has introduced a love affair, whose happy ending, in some measure, depends on the solution of the mystery. Mr. Lucy tells his story well. The rest of the volume consists of mere short stories of varying merit. We confess we dislike "Mrs. White-Smith's Afternoon Party," but "Mr. Josiah Smith's Cabman"—for that gentle but not over-prudent antiquary appears more than once in this book—is very amusing and instructive.—O. O.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Colonel Cody, perhaps better known as Buffalo Bill, of the Wild West Show, seems to fancy himself as a cyclist. In Paris, the other day, he thought fit to challenge the French champion cycle-rider to a match; but M. Jacquelin was proof against the somewhat doubtful honour, and declined to make a Wild West Show of himself.

Talking of French cycling, the professional riders and the Vélodrome riders seem to be getting into hot water, and, as a consequence, the International Cycling Association has been formed none too soon. Up to now evil-doers in one country had only to pass the frontier to recommence their little games in pastures new. This will now be stopped, as most of the important cycling clubs have agreed to join the Association; so that a man warned off in one country will have little chance of employment in another. This is as it should be.

From Russia comes the news that cycling is rapidly superseding skating. Society in the Czar's country has always assiduously skated all through the winter months. Now cycling is the fashion, and it appears that the frozen snow roads make capital tracks, and even the ice itself is not bad going.

Visitors to the Duke of York's School on certain afternoons of the week would be much amused watching the cycle drill organised by Colonel Forrest, the commandant of this most excellent institution. The drill in question is not carried through by the boys of the school, but by Colonel Forrest and some of his staff during their leisure hours. Several ladies form part of the company, and the Sergeant-major, who, if I mistake not, is an old Guardsman, undertakes the duty of drilling this Awkward Squad. The instructor is an adept on his wheel, and uses his power to the best advantage in trying to remedy some of his pupils' vagaries. It must, however, be said that many of the movements are really well carried out, and, with more practice, success is sure to follow.



MR. LOWE, MR. LUNN, AND MR. FOSTER FRASER.

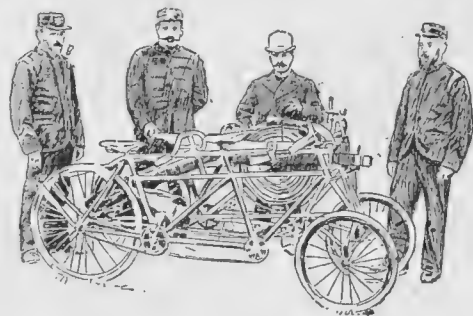
having to sleep in hovels and live practically on eggs and black bread for weeks together. At one place they had a fight with some marauding Cossacks, and revolvers were drawn in defence. The feat of the journey up to the present has been the ride from Vladikavkas to Tiflis, over the Caucasus Mountains. The day on which they reached Tiflis they rode for eighteen hours. The photograph of the three cyclists was taken at Yalta, in the Crimea, by General Count Nostitz.

I did not go down to Brighton to see the motors arrive, not even to Reigate—I saw quite enough of them at the start. A more miserable day could hardly have been found, and, except for the amusement of watching the vast crowd surging against the cordon of police at the bottom of Northumberland Avenue, and speculating as to what would be the result if it broke through (which it eventually did), the weary time of waiting for a start would have been unbearable. The show, from an onlooker's point of view, was a miserable failure, the cars presenting a rather woe-begone appearance, and when the start took place some refused to move and others went in a jerky fashion. And then the end came; the mighty crowd broke through, and all was over.

As our forefathers used to carry their ladies of old on a pillion, so now can our modern wheelmen take their girls out for an airing. The lovers' cycle has at last made its appearance. It is a nondescript sort of machine, but gives the much-desired result of enabling the lovers to face one another, so as to be able to converse, and even a kiss might be indulged in without seriously endangering the wheel's equilibrium—a fact almost impossible of attainment on a tandem, though, doubtless, often attempted. On the new wheel the lady has no pedalling to do, but sits on a comfortable seat, with cushion, fixed in front of the handle-bars, and immediately over the front wheel.

Cycle fire-engines, although not altogether a new invention, have now been seriously taken up in America. A quadricycle fire-engine was exhibited in the Paris Show of 1895. This machine, which was the invention of a working-man of Alsace named Schoedelin, created a deal of interest at the time, was officially tried in Paris, and well reported on, but there the matter ended. It is now proposed to form a Cycle Fire

Brigade in New York. The model adopted is very simple and consists of two bicycles joined, thus forming a quadricycle; in shape and make it resembles much that of Schoedelin. In the space between the wheels is a roller, on which is the hose, together with the pump and four suction pipes. When arrived at the scene of action, the driving-wheels are disconnected; the two hind riders, continuing to work the pedals, bring the pump into action. The whole concern weighs only about 120 lbs., and can throw a jet of water over 100 ft.



THE CYCLE AS A FIRE-ENGINE.

Cycling is more popular than ever in Cheshire, and now that hunting has begun there seem to be almost as many "wheels" as horses at the meets. Smartly dressed girls are seen flying down Cheshire lanes with their attendant cavaliers, and the other day I saw graceful Lady Elphinstone, accompanied by her two daughters and several other ladies, all starting for the "meet." It was a bright, frosty day, so that, unfortunately, the hounds had soon to return, and on our asking at a farmhouse which way they had gone, the farmer explained to us that a lady and gentleman on bicycles had just called on their way home, as the ground was too hard and slippery for hunting. No wonder that horses are getting so cheap, as, before long, we shall have no use for them. What with bicycles in the hunting-field and motor-cars in the streets, a bad time is in store for the horse-breeders.

Bicycles seem to become more and more popular in the Church. I now hear of a pulpit on wheels, where the clergyman, the Rev. J. P. Hazel, of Massachusetts, has designed a cycle with a back seat turned round so that he can face his congregation (while a man in front drives the machine); the congregation follow behind, all on wheels.

Then, again, I hear of a baptism on wheels, where the guests went to the ceremony on bicycles. The Dean of Rochester is another great enthusiast, although an elderly man; and, I hear, is continually seen riding. One thing I have remarked frequently of late is that the fashion for black and darkly painted machines is becoming pronounced, and they are being used by most of the smartest people.

One of the most charming costumes I saw in the Park last week was a tailor-made skirt and jacket in sea-green cloth, with black hat and astrakhan muff; the wearer, too, was one of the most graceful riders in London, guiding her black bicycle with the utmost ease, as she rode with her hands in her muff.

There is something very ingenious about the idea of an ice-cycle, and yet the inventor seems only to have utilised the skate principle in a somewhat novel fashion. Any old bicycle could be turned into an ice- or skate-cycle of this kind, but I doubt if the ordinary skater would find that he got along any quicker. Few people realise the extraordinary speed sometimes attained by the Dutch when pursuing their national



AN ICE-CYCLE.

form of exercise. Were it possible to introduce a sharp steel rim to the ordinary cycle-wheel, a serious rival to skates would undoubtedly exist; but, even then, I fancy that few people would care to avail themselves of the privilege of skimming along fifty times as fast as their neighbours.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA; by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

England's—shall we not say the world's?—premier amateur Association club is asserting itself again. When the Corinthians fell before St. Bernard's, quite a moderate lot (judging by reputation), from Scotland, there were many to incline to the opinion that the Corinthians were destined to suffer heavily from the development of professionalism.

If the Corinthians play against Sheffield United on Saturday next as they played against Sunderland, then the Leaguers had better prepare. But it is most unlikely that the Yorkshiremen will give so disappointing a display as was furnished by the Wearsiders, and it is more possible that they will repeat their last season's triumph.

It was a wise move on the part of the Corinthians to invite Mr. J. H. Gettins, of Millwall Athletic, into their ranks. Millwall is, of course, a professional club, but no doubt has ever been raised as to the amateur status of Mr. Gettins, who evidently loves the game for its own sake.

Still, his inclusion among the Corinthians is a great blow to conservatism. The Corinthians have, I believe, a rule—at any rate, it is certainly understood—that membership is limited to Public School boys and Varsity men past and present. Gettins comes under neither category, but the quality of his football is undeniable, and, as he is an amateur, there was certainly no sensible reason why he should not play for the Corinthians, who represent all that is best in amateurism.

Gettins, by the way, only just narrowly missed scoring the first goal in his first match, which would have furnished a pleasant little record to cherish. He made a terrific shot—and those who know the power of Gettins's kicks will realise the extent of this—which struck the goal-post with a violence that threatened to upset the equilibrium of the framework. It was also unfortunate that Gettins's debut should have coincided with a grand display on the part of our young friend G. O. Smith. The Oxonian need not fear the rivalry of Gettins.

Southern Rugby form is becoming hopelessly mixed. It was bad enough for the Combined Universities to suffer an ignominious reverse at the hands of London and the South—by the way, are the Midlands in the South?—but what shall be said of the victory of Blackheath at Oxford, when the University suffered their first defeat this season?

The climax was reached when Kent went up to Coventry and beat the Midland Counties by 8 points to 3. Considering that the Counties beat Surrey with ridiculous ease, and that Kent were last year wooden spoonists, who could have expected this result? It is the unexpected which has to be expected nowadays.

For those whose inclination lies in the direction of anticipation, the sole effect of the season's First League football is to limit the number of clubs possessing a chance for the Championship to about seven. The favourites are, of course, Aston Villa, the holders of the honours; but exceedingly dangerous are Liverpool, Sheffield United, the Bolton Wanderers, and Preston North End.

Liverpool are making a marvellous show for a club which has but lately left the Second Division. When last they were in this class they made a lamentable display, but experience has probably been the chief factor in the improvement. And, of course, the importance of the presence of Storer in goal must not be overlooked.

CRICKET.

We are now within measurable distance of the date fixed for the meeting of county secretaries, a meeting which should be far more interesting than usual.

Apart from the verdict of the "census" on the follow-on question—we can pretty well guess what that verdict will be—I have an idea that the fixtures themselves will provoke discussion. In the first place, Derbyshire will probably play Sussex; and, again, it will be interesting to note how many counties will consent to meet Essex. On last year's results, Essex should not want for matches, but, unfortunately, the great consideration in these matters is finance.

By the way, talking of Essex, that dear little county must feel highly flattered by the fact that Huddersfield people consider that to have such a match as Yorkshire v. Essex is an insult. The comical part of this comes in from the fact that since Essex were made a first-class county they have beaten Yorkshire with quite a pleasant consistency. Perhaps Huddersfield people consider that an insult. At any rate, Yorkshire owe a debt of gratitude to Essex, who by beating Surrey last year assured the championship for the broad-acred shire, who themselves were unable to beat Surrey.

Much gratification must be felt at the decision of Lancashire county to give Frank Sugg a benefit match. "The man of three counties" has been a grand servant of the County Palatine, and one of the steadiest professionals going. Sugg was once upon a time a fine Association football player. He was born on Jan. 11, 1862.

BOXING.

It cannot be said that the class of the boxers at the Orion Novices' Competitions on Thursday evening was up to the average. No one or two men stood out by themselves, as they did last year.

Perhaps the pick of the four winners was Blackman, in the Bantams, and it is a moot point whether he won; for Franklin, his opponent in the final, seemed to be at least equal on points.

This weight produced the best sport; but, in the Middles, Rowell, of

Cambridge, had only to beat an unattached man, while Walsh, to take the Feathers, had to box only half a round, his opponent twisting his arm. The other winner was Richardson, a strong boxer.

ATHLETICS.

I am inclined to agree with Oxford in their opinion that the hammer-throwing and weight competitions of the Varsity sports should be abolished. The O.U.A.C. have been striving for this end for some time, and they were reminded of it by the fact of Cambridge approaching them with a view of having the rules governing the hammer-throwing altered. There are not nearly enough purely athletic events in the Varsity sports, and these old-fashioned trials of strength would not be missed.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Manchester meeting will wind up an exceptionally busy season. Racing at New Barns should be exciting, and winners may be difficult to find. I think the Lancashire Handicap ought to go to Easter Gift, who has been leniently treated in the matter of weight. In the Lancaster Nursery, Purse, who has done well over the course before, has a great chance, and Nimble Nincence may take the Eglinton Nursery. The field for the Manchester November Handicap will not be a large one. The race on paper reads like a real good thing for Chit Chat, who should be well suited by the going.

It is very funny to read year by year certain stereotyped statements in connection with the Kingsclere stable and the animals that find shelter there. Since Common, "the dark 'un," won the Derby, after resting as a two-year-old, there has each winter been a fairy-horse in the stable certain to follow in his footsteps. Thus, Regret, a twelvemonth ago, was, in the fulness of time, to make hacks of Persimmon and St. Frusquin, and, the year before, Le Var was bound, when the moment arrived, to put Sir Visto and his peers into such a complete shade that they never would be heard of again. How silly these yarns seem now! And yet there are people who believe that Vesuvian is "another Common," and they get wroth when reminded of Regret and Le Var. Another yarn that annually goes round at the fall of the year is that "the yearlings which have left Eaton are the grandest lot ever bred." I suppose, one of these years, this will prove to be the case, and then we shall be treated to "Ah! what did I say?" from many lips.

The days of halfpenny journals have arrived. I am told there is a scheme on foot to publish a halfpenny morning sporting-paper simultaneously in London and Manchester, and, according to rumour, the new enterprise will be launched at the opening of the next flat-racing season. A venture of the kind, properly worked, might be made to pay in time, though not before plenty of tipsters' advertisements, auctioneers' catalogues, and racing programmes are obtained. A halfpenny sporting-paper would not prosper on circulation alone, as the dull winter months, when the sales are small, have to be reckoned with.

With each recurring National Hunt season we expect to hear of Irish horses winning some of our biggest races, and if their success on the flat this season is any criterion, the fast-approaching campaign between the flags will be no exception to the rule. Most prominent among Irish owners who have secured our chief events is Mr. Linde, the Curragh trainer-owner. His successes at Liverpool have been numerous. Twice he has won the Grand National, and twice been beaten by only a head, added to which he has several times run third. No man ever judged horses better than Mr. Linde, and among his most successful sales must rank Ardearn when that animal threatened to be a source of danger to Cloister in the Grand National. Had Ardearn been trained over here, according to Mr. Linde's advice, I have no doubt but that he would have done better than he has; but a change in the method to which the horse had been subject sent him all to pieces, and not until he got into Sir Charles Nugent's clever hands did he recover his old form. One of the smartest chasers Mr. Linde has had in his stable lately is Nelly Gray, who, along with Major Orr-Ewing's other horses, has arrived at Lyddington Manor, near Swindon, for the winter season.

The accidents to Tom Loates naturally remind one of the hazardous condition of a jockey's life. It is risky enough on the flat, but at the cross-country game the dangers are infinitely more. Broken bones are almost looked for, and, in many cases, sustained by the daring rider over hurdles and fences. Strangely enough, amateurs seem more partial to the winter sport, and the number of gentlemen who are made *hors-de-combat* in the course of a year is very large. Mr. Atkinson, who trains with Escott, has been bruised and broken many times, and Mr. G. B. Milne knows what it is to be laid up for half-a-dozen weeks with a damaged limb. Of the professionals, Daniels was always peculiarly unfortunate at Manchester, which place he at one time could, seemingly, not visit without accident to himself. Arthur Nightingall meets with comparatively few accidents, and this may be traceable to the fact that he seldom mounts a horse that is not a safe jumper.

I was wrong last week in stating that J. Watts was about to retire from the saddle. The popular jockey will continue to ride for the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MANY MATTERS.

It would seem to be at last not alone an allowed but a firmly established fact that the women have, and hold, for better or for worse, the very doubtful privilege of "nerves" in undisputed possession. Not that they are a freshly added wreath to our laurels by any means; but, up to now, they were ignored, not admitted—put out of sight, in fact. When our grandmothers fainted—a habit they were greatly prone to in picturesque

positions, *vide* contemporary novelists—it was not put down to extreme sensibility, but rather a customary and becoming evidence of emotion. If they had recourse to hysterics, it was understood by our sceptical grandfathers sometimes to spell "temper," for ordinarily the woman of fifty years ago owned a more equable and unemotional temperament than ours. Very naturally, too, seeing that her environment was a mere stagnant pool of the maelström we live in. So we of to-day are in different case, and the once unknown quantity of neurosis has unhappily become a familiar word in latter-day literature. Having acquired the patent of our shortcomings, the practical



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A D'ESTERRE PICTURE BRIM.

question, however, arises as to disposing of it. For "nerves," dear lady, as we all know, are a very real malady, although, like toothache and *mal-de-mer*, they attract very little sympathy from the robust and unmercifully muscular Christian.

Now electricity, having, medically and otherwise, become such a factor among us—far-reaching, almost omnipotent—has naturally also grappled with a question that Max Nordau might indeed have called the malady of the century. But even in accepting its possible effects in revivifying worn-out humanity, I was scarcely prepared for the scientific surprises in store for me when recently visiting the Notting Hill Gate Electrical Hospital at 30, Silver Street, where a most astonishing collection of electro-medical apparatus was explained by the inventor, Professor d'Odiardi. Chronic ailments, too numerous to particularise, are got under and cured by the application of electricity in various forms, nervous diseases being specially susceptible to this treatment. Nor will it be less interesting to learn, quite as an aside, that this electric treatment, no matter to what special and local trouble it may be applied, has, besides, a most beneficial effect on the skin, taking away incipient crow's feet, and bringing a soft bloom even to the world-worn complexion of forty years. The hospital is free, it may be added, and all that philanthropy and science can do to aid poor human nature is done here. One of the Professor's inventions, which obtained high commendation from the French Académie de Science, particularly interested me. It is composed of a coil of wire 300 miles long. The patient, in a state of collapse from coma, prostration, suffocation, or other cause, is kept alive in the hollow core of this apparatus by electric currents until strength is restored by nutrition. Cases of weak sight, hysteria, and so on endlessly, are daily treated by these extraordinary but still simple methods with complete success. That the Professor is in advance of his generation, no one who sees all these instruments, his thought-reading magnetised needle among the rest, can doubt. And where the further developments of electricity may lead us, few can, indeed, forecast.

Returning to the ever-verdant matter of chiffons and millinery, I have had this week sketched for the admiration of fair friends two smart hats of different but equally successful styles, made by that milliner of merit, Madame d'Esterre, of 41, Old Bond Street. One is a wide-brimmed picture-hat, in purple velvet, with a band of jewelled passementerie, a paste and steel buckle, and a tuft of nodding plumes put just at the most becoming angle—or curve, if you will. The other, a very dainty toque in scarlet cloth, with velvet bows to match, has a jet-embroidered brim, and the inevitable osprey with black feathers, and scarlet poppies *en cache-peigne*. I have seen nothing in better style. But the main point of Madame d'Esterre's philosophy is that her hats and bonnets are so very moderate in price. Add to this that she makes frocks of excellent fit and finish, and does not disdain to convert one's own materials into things of beauty, from two guineas upwards, and I think her reputation as a successful modiste may be conceded with acclamation. Certainly this must be the case with those who have tried her.

The burning of St. George's is rather a blow to some forthcoming brides, who will, for the present at all events, prefer to enact the pomp and circumstance of their tragedy elsewhere. I was much amused, by-the-way, at a dinner-party some evenings since to hear an energetic incumbent put forth the claims and charms of his edifice to the future mother-in-law of our host. "We are very High, you know," he added with unction; "and flowers, candles, and music are admissible to the fullest extent." Now, Lady H. is *not* High, and sniffed portentously at the mere mention of candles, but the good man would rush on his fate. "Then you keep Lent and Advent, I suppose?" she asked in the tone of a County Court judge, "fasting; and all that?" "Yes," responded the doomed man confidentially; "and I constantly visit the Prince's Restaurant on Fridays, for I do assure you Benoist gives most enchanting fish luncheons." After which I very nearly collapsed at the withering glance Lady H. cast on our unfortunate *gourmet*. Fish or no fish, however, the Prince's seems to grow in popularity, and people of the most exclusive habit, who rarely favour restaurants in England (for everyone goes abroad, of course), are to be seen here at any time.

One evening last week I saw the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Lord Yarborough, Lord Armagh, Lord Rodney, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Captain Holford, and many other notabilities, at surrounding tables. Everything is done so quietly and with such absolute good taste, that the best people are naturally making this Piccadilly temple of Lucullus a favourite rendezvous.

Diamonds, it will interest long-pursed dames to hear, are once more cheap; but not for long. The fluctuations which come at rare intervals in this market in no way affect the ultimate value of these glittering baubles, and wise people who take advantage of them bestow their money well, for diamonds are always convertible security, and the better they are, the cheaper, from that point of view.

Christmas is well on the way besides, and, with seasonable benefactions to beloved ones in view, the present opportunity is one to be availed of, from the practical as well as the poetic aspect.

Owing to enormous purchases, which their extensive business enables them to undertake, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company are now in a position to make the purchase of diamonds at their fine premises in Regent Street an absolutely good investment of fat bank balances; and being, furthermore, manufacturing jewellers, and content with modest profits, the obvious advantage of buying from them is very easily apparent. Many new designs in ceintures, combs, bodice ornaments, tiaras, and so forth, are particularly magnificent, and the stones used only of the first and whitest lustre. Want of space in these columns prevents the reproduction of several unique designs, but a few of the smaller novelties are sketched, notably a most delicately modelled aigrette to be worn with a white or black osprey, and a very engaging form of flexible jointed bangle, the diamonds going all round, with three large pearls in circlets of brilliants, and an acorn-shaped tassel beautifully set at the end of chain. Crescents are so useful, whether for the hair or bodice, or as a buckle, that one in lustrous fiery opals and diamonds will appeal to every woman not yet in the possession of such a treasure. A Louis Quatorze brooch, with row of pendent brilliants, also charmed my fancy into reproducing it. But beside these attractive trifles were necklaces of great size and beauty that a queen might covet, lying like circles of many-painted flame on their velvet couches. A great dog-collar of priceless pearls, each row held in place by diamond clasps formed of true-lovers' knots; an emerald necklet and tiara, containing many historic stones of great size and beauty; a necklet of antique Assyrian form, which showed immense oval opals set in frames of sparkling brilliants: all these and much more shine resplendently from their glass cases, exciting what Mr. Grant Allen would call "the desire of the eye," or, at least, the wish that fickle fortune would send some of them home in the ship that is still at sea.

Lest it should be written of me that I had neglected the cure of simpler souls who can climb no such lofty heights of expenditure as these, let me mention a quite charming little gold bangle of the flexible



[Copyright.]

A D'ESTERRE TOQUE.

curb-chain variety, to which is attached a gold disc inlaid with a precious stone signifying the month its wearer was born in—a pearl for one, ruby for another, diamond for a third, and so on. No more graceful present could greet a fair damsel on Christmas morning, and the price is a mere modest three guineas.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MADCHEN (Clarges Street).—Hunting stocks are worn with the new linen collar. You can get them at Graham's, Mount Street.

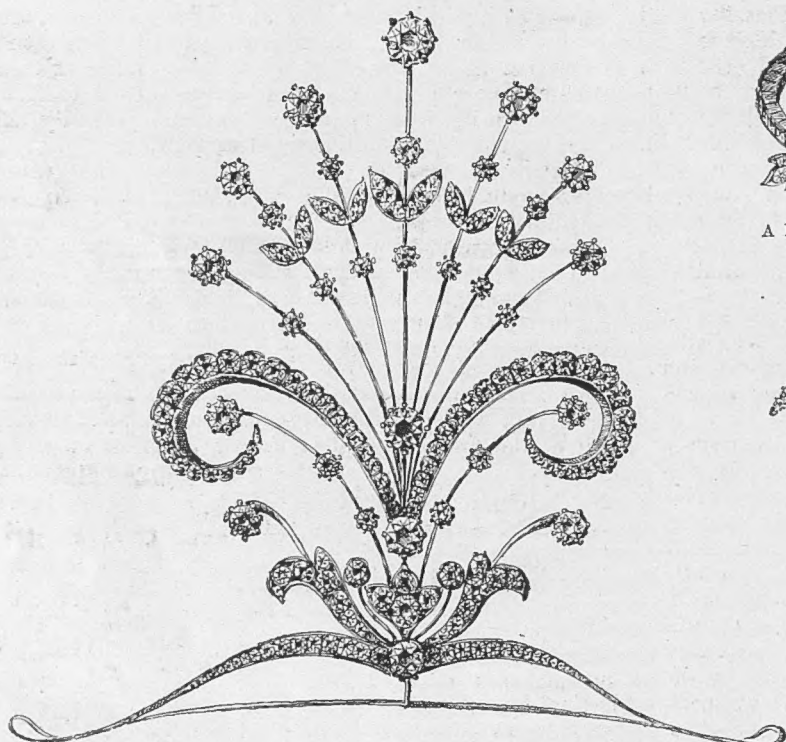
WHEELWOMAN.—The secretary of the Prince's Club informs me that eight guineas is the yearly sub. for ladies, ten for men. SYBIL.

CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

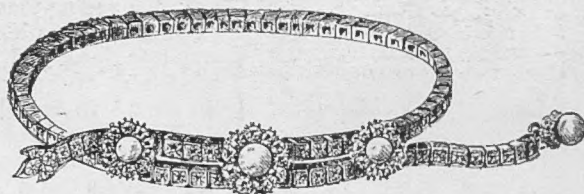
Everything about Miss Ellis Jeffreys reflects something of her own refinement, and whether she is enacting the rôle of Lady Miranda Little at the Royalty, or, in her own person, as the wife of the Hon. Frederick Curzon, is presiding over their charming flat in Ashley Gardens, she is always a most gracious lady and a delightfully womanly woman, whose personal magnetism brings everyone under her sway. She is invariably dressed to perfection, though—or, perhaps more correctly, because—simplicity is the keynote of all her gowns, both for stage and private wear, for extreme styles do not meet with her approval. She avers that she will be the last woman to discard the friendly bow and puff which

line stripes in white, and a faint design of little black leaves. A ceinture of folded black satin, which attains to a wonderful height at the back, tapers down into insignificance in front, where it is further concealed by the long, frilled ends of a fichu of soft black chiffon, and the elbow-sleeves in their turn are finished with a frill of chiffon. But, personally, I fell most deeply in love with Miss Jeffreys' latest evening-gown, for, imagine, it has a skirt of white gros-grain, where softly coloured roses are caught up into wreaths by true-lovers' knot in shimmering satin. The beauty of this design is shown up wonderfully by the dull richness of the silk background, and there is no other touch of colour in the dress to share the reign of the roses, for the bodice is all of soft white chiffon, sashed with white satin, and with five little frills of accordion-pleated chiffon edged with satin ribbon to do duty as sleeves. It is a delightful dress, and, for its due sheltering, there is a cloak of purple velvet lined with white satin, and with a great collar and revers of chinchilla.

But, gowns apart, there are ample evidences of her perfect taste in that charming home, where Miss Jeffreys' own room is a harmony in pale blue and equally delicate old-rose, with a wonderfully inlaid suite to shelter these various garments, and many more to bear a load of silver treasures, while the drawing-room—her special "nest"—is flushed with soft rose-pink as the predominating colour. The quaint settee and the great chairs are so many exponents of the beauty of shining white chintz, patterned with giant roses in two shades of pink, while curious little blue vases occupy places of honour on the white overmantel, and yellow cushions are piled about to complete the charming scheme of



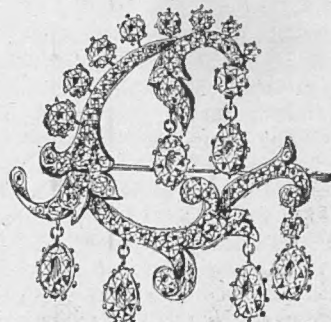
FOR COMB OR AIGRETTE.



A NEW FLEXIBLE DIAMOND AND PEARL BRACELET



OPALS AND DIAMONDS.



A LOUIS QUATORZE BROOCH
AT THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS'.

JEWELS FOR KING CHRISTMAS AT THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS'.

give width to our shoulders, and the trimmed skirt finds no favour in her eyes. Her one and only concession to the new mode has for visible sign and token a skirt of chiné silk in indescribable tones of blue and black, with glints of green, and here and there a suggestion of lavender, each seam being outlined by a tiny quilling of fine black lace. This is wedded to a simple bodice, its yoke ruffled with lace, and the bouffant front drawn into a deep belt of black satin. One of her favourite walking-dresses is in very dark red canvas cloth, the full bodice outlined with a touch of dark fur, where it opens over a tiny yoke and vest of white corded silk, patterned with a strange Oriental design in green and blue and red, with lines of black.

To wear with this gown there is a toque of dark-green straw, softened with a bordering frill of black accordion-pleated chiffon, and trimmed with deftly tied bows of blue and green shot glacé, this repetition of the leading colours of the silk used in the dress being wonderfully effective, as you may imagine.

She is equally wedded to the charms of blouses in general, and, in particular, of one in pale-mauve silk, patterned with little flowers in dark violet, while a cravat of yellowish lace comes as a finish to a band of black velvet—a most effective background, by the way, for a string of perfect pearls.

Another blouse which, though of recent acquisition, has already gained its owner's affection, is in soft white silk, with a quaint and diminutive design in pale pink, straying between narrow double stripes in dark and light green, where wee pink flowers trail along, the darker green being repeated in the satin bands at throat and waist. Then, again, the tea-gown, as a thoroughly "comfy" garment, to quote Miss Jeffreys herself, is a prime favourite, notably one in the palest pink silk, with

colour. And it is in the drawing-room that the adventures of the frog who would "a-wooing go" are illustrated in dainty water-colours, the whole the work of Miss Jeffreys herself, who has been dumb hitherto on the subject of her artistic achievements.

And now, after an all too short peep at one of our most popular celebrities, I must just say a few words about the gowns which handsome Miss Granville wore at the matinée performance of "A Haven of Content," at the Garrick. She always dresses charmingly, but I think her first frock was particularly successful—to wit, misty grey lisse, veiling a skirt of grey accordion-pleated silk, and a deep belt of dark-grey silk shading into palest silver where it met the soft fulness of the chiffon. This, in its turn, was covered by a double-breasted bolero of mellow-tinted lace, which formed epaulettes over the shirred sleeves of chiffon, and then came two delightful touches of colour—a bunch of dark violets at the waist and a collar of pinkish-mauve silk. The white hat, with its binding of black velvet, had a full crown of violet velvet, and the pretty flowers themselves ran riot over the brim in the well-arranged carelessness which is the triumph of millinery. Following this came a smart black gown with, once more, a double-breasted bolero, but this time arranged in encircling groups of tiny tucks between bands of satin. Where it fastened at the left side its scalloped outline was accentuated by a frill of black accordion-pleated chiffon over white-and-black striped silk, and a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley gave a charming finishing touch. The sleeves were particularly notable, for they started at the wrist with tiny tucks which were not on speaking terms, but they increased and multiplied as they neared the shoulder, where a sort of cap of black satin extinguished them altogether. A black hat, adorned with many violets and a white osprey, completed this desirable costume.

FLORENCE.

CITY NOTES.

ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANK.

Mr. Robinson, when dealing with the position of the mining industry in South Africa at the Ordinary General Meeting of the bank last week, spoke in very optimistic terms. He ventured to say that the industry had never been in a better position than it was at the present time. He referred to the satisfactory manner in which the labour and liquor questions had been dealt with by the Transvaal Government, which had the real welfare of the country at heart. As an index of the volume of business passing through the bank, he was able to tell the meeting that its turnover in exchange between Johannesburg and London during the year had been two and a-half millions sterling. The net profits for the year amounted to £434,636, which enabled the directors to distribute a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, which, under the circumstances, must be looked upon as very satisfactory.

THE LANCASHIRE AND DERBYSHIRE RAILWAY.

This railway, or rather, a part of it, was formally opened last week. It was authorised in 1891, and the first sod was cut at Chesterfield in June of the following year. Although it has not yet been able to carry out the original intention as regards the eastern and western sections, yet the section just completed is really the most important part of the whole undertaking. It runs for twenty-three miles over the Derbyshire and Notts coal-field, which covers three hundred square miles; and when it is borne in mind that from the day the new railway was opened it was brought into touch with coal-pits having an output of ten million tons, the importance of the undertaking will be fully appreciated. The Great Eastern Railway has invested £250,000 in the new undertaking, and gives running powers over its line, its chairman and general manager having seats on the Board. The Great Eastern now secures direct access to a rich coal-field, which will add materially to its future prospects.

NEW ZEALAND.

This Colony does not now enjoy the best of credit here, and is evidently fully alive to the fact. We understand that the Government is endeavouring to place locally £500,000 3½ per cent. bonds at par, despite the fact that similar bonds of the Colony are standing in London at over 6 premium. To attempt an issue here at present would bring into prominence some unfortunate incidents in connection with New Zealand affairs, such as the recent banking scandals, the Midland Railway of that Colony, and the New Plymouth Harbour; so that, under the circumstances, it is important that the Government should make a special effort to raise the money. We are surprised to see the price of the bonds on this side standing so high.

NEW INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

When the mining boom was on, any quantity of worthless mines were floated, and we could not prevent the public from throwing away their money on them. Now the losses and discredit occasioned by these frauds spoil the market for honest enterprises. The same thing happened in the Nitrate boom, in the Brewing boom, in every boom; and we fear the same evil that has happened in the past will happen again in the future—especially in Industrials.

We cannot stop it, but, in the hopes that we may minimise it, we will once more take up our parable and warn our readers against throwing away their money on feeble, bogus, or worn-out businesses, capitalised at outrageous figures, simply because they see the shares in other—to their eyes, similar—businesses paying good dividends and commanding large premiums. At the present time undesirable Industrials are being poured out on the public with reckless profusion, too often accompanied by the usual adventitious allurements, of lavish advertising, “advance” prospectuses, and “rigged” markets.

In regard to businesses largely advertised, the public should distinguish between *advertising to sell wares and advertising to sell shares!* Important and most successful businesses have undoubtedly been built up by large and systematic advertising. Many most flourishing and prosperous businesses could not have been established by any other means. It is a mistake to suppose (as unthinking people sometimes say) that any rubbish can be sold if you only advertise it sufficiently. On the contrary, if a business has supported a large expenditure on advertising for many years, it is almost certain that it sells a good commodity. The object of advertising a commodity is to get a large number of people to *give it a trial*. If, having tried it, the purchaser does not like it, he is unlikely to buy it again, and further advertising (as far as he is concerned) is useless.

Whilst, then, a large business, of several years' standing, may prove an excellent investment, although built up on extensive advertising, few concerns are more dangerous than those which rush into furious advertising just before being turned into a limited liability company. Another most important point to discover is as to whether the business, if old, is worn-out or still steadily improving. It is therefore well to notice whether the Accountants' certificate of profits sets them out year by year, or only gives the average. A mere increase in the last year is most unreliable. It is probable adventitious—possibly artificial. The certificate in Ridgways, Limited, noticed below, is unsatisfactory in this particular. It at once suggested to our mind the idea of a decaying business, and on making further inquiries we found that it was so regarded in the City. We fancy some of those who incontinently hurried in their applications, for fear the lists should close and shut them

out, have, on reflection, withdrawn their applications, and if any of our readers have applied, we advise them to do the same before they get “pinned” with an allotment letter. It is an ominous fact that the premium of $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ quoted on the shares three days ago has completely run off, and it is now impossible to sell shares at more than par, there being a very limited market even at that price. We fear we shall see them at a discount, or practically unsaleable, within three months.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The following letter has reached us. It comes a little late for the fair, because the last few lines have proved even truer than the writer imagined. We cannot prevent the cable outpacing the ordinary mail.

HANNAN'S.

Since I last wrote you about Hannan's in what I considered a more or less jubilant vein, I have been again in Kalgoorlie, and the latest developments in some of the less important mines are not encouraging. Work is being pushed on with great vigour all through the fields, and every day the position changes. Where one week all is joy over a rich strike, the next finds us lamenting the loss not of the reef, but its gold. There is no getting away from the fact that a great many of the mines are petering out. The actual superficial area of gold-bearing ground in Western Australia is enormous; how immense no one yet knows, as the country has not been half prospected—but, and this “but” should make the investor pause—there is room for doubting whether the actual reefs themselves will carry payable gold at depth.

I don't mean that this country will not turn out large quantities of gold; I mean that, under present conditions, at least nine-tenths of the mines will not pay to work, for rich as many of them are, so long as they are mined in the decomposed rock, they grow poor as soon as the hard stuff is reached. This has happened at Cue. It has happened at Coolgardie, and now, I am sorry to say, it is happening at Hannan's. The Ivanhoe, the Lake View, the Boulder, and the Brown Hill are all enormously rich down to 200 feet. The Boulder has, of course, some poor stuff, which it is not crushing, and the north end of the Brown Hill is poor; but these four mines are as good as anyone can wish for.

Outside these we come to the second-class prospects, and it is these which are now giving bad returns, and will never pay dividends until the whole system of mining in Western Australia has been reorganised. One-ounce stone will not pay expenses as long as water is sixpence a gallon, and labour £3 10s. per week, with other items in proportion. Of the thousands of leases pegged out at Hannan's, very few can hope to get more than one ounce over the plates. I am not talking of assays, because they are most misleading. I am writing for those who have put their money into ventures and hope for dividends. For the investor the battery is the only test. I am not taking into consideration the fact that no one can crush at Hannan's till the Government water-supply scheme is complete. Everyone knew that results would have to be delayed until water was brought up to the fields. This is only a question of time, and, given the gold, we may well wait a few years in patience, while our mines are being developed; but what if those developments upon what is deemed the richest field in Western Australia turn out the wrong way? What if the five-ounce formations when they get down to depth cease to carry gold?

There is no getting away from the fact that throughout the whole of Western Australia the deeper one goes the less gold one gets. The actual depth varies, of course, in every mine. At Hannan's Reward they are down 320 feet, and have a big reef with most of the gold carried in the pyrites. At the Brown Hill they are only down 200 ft., but at the hard end of the mine there is little or no gold. The Boulder is, more or less, an exception, because in moderately hard country some rich pockets have been struck, and the Boulder Main Reef, which joins the Boulder, is getting its richest gold in very hard country indeed.

The Boulder Main Reef, by the way, is looking extremely well, and although I do not for one moment imagine that it will turn out to be a second Boulder, I feel sure that it will prove a decent mine. If I were a shareholder in this property, I would, however, insist on the London directors saving the ore till the proper mill had been erected. At the present time about 700 tons of Boulder Main Reef ore have been put through the Leviathan battery. This is simply gross extravagance, and looks as if it were done to keep up the price of the shares with a few rich crushings, because it is impossible to make a mine pay when the ore has to be carted to a distant battery, and the tailings, which certainly contain more gold than is obtained over the plates, have also to be carted back again from the mill. Gold-mining is like any other business in the world—it depends entirely upon the management. Probably the directors of the Boulder Main Reef will retort that it is ridiculous for them to wait three years for the water-supply, and that their shareholders would not stand it, but it is far better to wait three years and then have a dividend-paying property, than to fritter away all the gold in the mine, and end in liquidation.

The Lake View South, of which I spoke so favourably in one of my articles, is not turning out at all well. The machinery, which I condemned four months ago, I am sure is utterly unsuitable now that it is erected, and I have no phrase strong enough to express my disgust that a mine which certainly stood a fair chance of becoming a success should have all its chances spoilt by such a ridiculous battery and by such tumble-down machinery. Mr. Zeb Lane has much to answer for; and so have Captain Oates, George Gray, and others who, even if ordered to do foolish things, ought to have had the courage to refuse. Captain Oates is a fine, bluff, outspoken old miner; but success has spoilt him, and, if he does not take care, the glamour which surrounded his name, and which was raised by the success he made in his Southern Cross camp, will soon vanish. No one ought to know better than Captain Oates that the Lake View South machinery should never have been erected. The fact is, both the Associated camp and the Hannan's Proprietary camp are thinking a great deal more of the market than they are of the shareholders, and when the slump comes they will probably be very sorry they didn't pay more attention to their properties.

I wrote, when I first saw Hannan's, that the Associated had the pick of the basket, and I think that the Australia will turn out a two-ounce show, but none of the other leases are fulfilling their early promise. The Corsair, a property which I criticised somewhat severely, is, in my judgment, going from bad to worse, and I would not give sixpence for the total of the acreage. George Gray has prospected the whole of the Proprietary leases in a most miner-like fashion, but I am sorry to say, at the time of writing, there are very little signs of his ever being able to get good gold out of them.

The Monte Cristo is turning out very badly. None of the Ceresus properties are improving, and, although the Golden Horseshoe is getting the Ivanhoe lode, it is not showing up very well at the present moment. Hannan's Star has struck the Boulder lode, but it seems more than likely they will have to go down through the granite. The appearance of granite at such a short distance from the Boulder is, to my mind, very ominous, because my own private theory about Western Australian geology is that the country is a series of granite basins filled up with schist (or diorite, as they prefer to call it out here), and the payable reefs are only found in the schist rock and will pinch out as soon as the granite is reached. The deeper the basin, the more chance of obtaining payable reefs.

I am very sorry to have to write in such a gloomy strain; I prefer praising things to damning them; but there is no getting away from the fact that the past few months' developments throughout the whole of Western Australia have not been encouraging.

It must be remembered that absolutely no reliance can be placed upon mining reports which are published in the papers. Mining managers never, under any circumstances, admit their properties are going from bad to worse. It is to everybody's interest out here to keep up the boom, and it is little short of heresy to say here in Perth that this country is not the richest in the whole world. The public have subscribed millions for gold-mines in Western Australia, and after spending six months and going through the mines, I have come to the conclusion that not one company in every hundred stands the remotest chance of paying a dividend.

After the slump a tremendous collapse is absolutely certain. Western Australia will be face to face with a hard business proposition, and she will have to make her mines pay and face the situation or be ruined. There are very good mines in this country, and if they were economically managed they would offer a fine chance to the mining speculator, but at the present moment there is no attempt to mine in a systematic and economic manner. There are few people out here who believe that there is any chance of a panic in the Western Australian Mining Market; but I am so convinced that a shake-out is near at hand, that I think it more than probable that, before these words are in print, it will have already begun, in which case my advice is to sell out all the rubbish at any sacrifice, and only stick to proved mines like the Lake View, Ivanhoe, Boulder, and Brown Hill, although, as a matter of fact, I should imagine that the Brown Hill will have to reconstruct and put up a new battery before it can ever enter the dividend-paying stage.

Many correspondents ask us about Burbank's Birthday Gift, and we have made such inquiries as enable us to say, with great confidence, that the mine is one of the best in Western Australia. The developments are all that could be desired; the eyes have not been picked out of it, and there is a good quantity of first-class ore in sight, but there is no water. Ten head of stamps are up and ready for work, the dam is made, and as soon as reasonable rain comes the company will be able to make continuous returns from its own machinery; but until it does rain or Government water is available, the shareholders must possess their souls in patience, for the mine has, so far, refused to yield a supply of water sufficient to enable crushing to go on. We understand the water-shaft is being pressed on with energy, and the supply is increasing for the moment; however, it is quite inadequate even to run five stamps for more than a few hours a day. This information is, we think, to be relied upon.

PILBARRA.

While other portions of Western Australia are actually perishing for want of water, we hear that the sinking of the Bulletin Deep Shaft is actually stopped by water, pending the erection of proper pumping machinery. This is the shaft the proposed sinking of which was announced in *The Sketch* of Jan. 29 last.

We also hear that a very promising project is on the tapis for amalgamating this excellent property with some adjacent properties also on the line of the great Bulletin Reef. If this is carried out, a very strong combination will be formed. We hear that all the capital is likely to be subscribed privately.

RIO TINTOS.

The first of the three or four general meetings required to carry out the proposed splitting of the shares took place on Thursday, and went off with absolute unanimity. The shares are firm at 25½, and are considered by experts at least 5 points below their intrinsic value even at that good price.

GRAND CENTRALS.

These shares, which have been weighed down by the general slump all round, have been heavily bought during the last two or three days, and rose ½ in two days. They are now at 2½, and we hear they are likely to go much higher. The returns from the mine continue good.

THE "FINANCIAL WHO'S WHO."

The numerous correspondents who have made inquiries from us about this publication, and about the Investor's Protection Association, carried on in connection therewith, will probably get all the information they require if they follow the reports of a prosecution (which began last Wednesday, Nov. 19, at the Guildhall) of James Herbert Farmer, Julius Jacobs, and Morris Berlyn Jacobs, on a charge of conspiracy to obtain money by proposing to abstain from publishing certain matters in the *Financial Who's Who*.

NEW ISSUES.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

The Sheffield District Railway offers at par £350,000 of its £400,000 share capital, the company being formed to make a short line of nine and a-half miles to form a junction between Sheffield and the recently opened Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway. Considering the importance of this junction to the Great Eastern and other important railways, it seems to us that it will practically be the "neck of the bottle"; and as these ordinary shares will have the call of the debenture stock of the company, they seem to us a very attractive investment.

Bovril (British, Foreign, and Colonial) Limited.—This long-looked-for prospectus is at length out, and it reads exceedingly well. The debentures appear to be an absolutely gilt-edged investment, and the shares are already quoted at a substantial premium, which seems likely to go still higher. The past development of this business has, no doubt, been remarkable, but its foreign business is still quite in its infancy, and we see no reason why its future advance should not greatly exceed the past. It is practically certain that no other meat extract has ever taken the popular taste. Its monopoly rests on exactly the same basis as that on which the monopoly of Guinness rests.

Fisher and Co., Limited.—Issue of 4 per cent. debenture stock at 104. Not a very attractive investment.

Callard, Stewart, and Watt, Limited.—To be avoided.

London Ground Rents and Property Company, Limited.—A by no means attractive relief company.

Australasian Gold and Finance Corporation.—A company that will probably do well, if it succeeds in getting its capital.

The Metropolitan Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited.—Issue of £100,000 4 per cent. badly secured preference shares at 5 per cent. premium.

R. Fenwick and Co., Limited, £200,000 (part of £250,000) 4 per cent. Brewery Debentures, offered at 103.—Not attractive.

John Davenport and Sons Brewery, Limited, £85,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock, offered at 105.—Apparently well secured, but rather unmarketable and very dear.

Ridgways, Limited.—To be avoided.

Paquin, Limited.—A large capital (£500,000) to sink in a ladies' dress and mantle business; but the profits are very large, and have been rapidly increasing every year since it was established.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch*, Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SCÉPTIC.—Have nothing to do with either of the concerns to which you refer. (1) These people do not appear in either last year's or this year's "Post Office Directory," and if they have been carrying on business for any time, it must have been under some other alias. (2) These are people who, for some little time, have occupied two modest rooms in the cellar or "lower basement" of the huge building of which they put a photograph in their "treatise." The suggestion in the photograph that their name is written all across the front of this building is devoid of foundation. Having received a great number of inquiries about them, we made inquiries ourselves in America. The result of these was, in our opinion, very unsatisfactory.

L. D.—We have noted your new address in our register.

POLESTAR.—See "City Notes" and "Answers to Correspondents" in last Wednesday's issue. Possibly the worst may be over. Perhaps the slump may continue, but the mine, from all we hear, seems good, and as your holding is not large, we think you might average, but remember that even the best mines are speculations. We think Rio Tintos will go higher.

CHAFF.—(1) We cannot recommend the purchase. A far better tyre will, in our opinion, be out soon. The high price of the shares you name is due, we hear, to a market "rig." The public only subscribed for about 6000 shares (see "City Notes" in *The Sketch* of the 4th instant). (2) Yes! but we do not recommend the purchase of shares. Our correspondent did not speak very highly of Chaffers.

DABBLER.—(1 and 2) We cannot speak favourably of either of these concerns. We advise you to get out if you can, even at some loss.

JOKER.—See our Australian Correspondent's observations on this mine in the "City Notes" of *The Sketch* of Sept. 30. The fall in the market value of all Australian mines has been very severe. Better—or, at least, better developed—mines than the Joker have fallen quite as heavily in proportion.

SCOTIA.—This is one of the weaklings which are created in times of Boom. It was formed to purchase at a preposterous price, in fully paid shares (with £5000 in cash), some property 126 miles east of Johannesburg. It is doubtful whether the company ever had sufficient money to develop the property. It is also doubtful whether the property—126 miles away from the Rand—is worth spending any money on. A twenty-stamp mill was erected. Why do you not write to the Secretary, at 85, Gracechurch Street, for information as to any crushings they may have made? They must surely have crushed something—even if it were only the mine-manager's toe.

BRINE.—The City Editor is not generally supposed to be an authority on the subject of Archbishops, but he thinks the issue to which you refer is that of the 7th ult. If you want a copy of the paper of that date, you had better send a request for it (with a remittance of 6d.) to the publisher, 198, Strand, W.C.

W. B.—We could not advise you to take shares in the company of which you send us a prospectus. It may be respectable, but it is too small and local, and the Auditors' Certificate is absolutely useless.

E. D.—You ask us to "advise what we would do under the circumstances." To be perfectly candid, we should certainly send the notice received and all other papers in the matter (with a stamped directed envelope for their return) to any person whose advice we wanted on the subject. You have bought shares in a rotten concern, and are now, in all probability, "between the devil and the deep sea"; but how can we advise you as to a proposal for reconstruction when you carefully conceal from us the terms of the proposal?

GRESHAM.—You should consult a competent solicitor. Any company transacting life insurance business in this country must deposit £20,000 in the High Court of Justice till it accumulates a considerable fund.

MALLOW.—We think you would not be unwise to buy more of both to average.

G. M.—Sell both, if you can obtain anything like a reasonable figure. If not, hang on, and make inquiries from time to time through your own bankers.

SARDONYX.—Keep *b, d, f,* and *g* for the present, and, in regard to the last, see this week's "Notes." Sell the rest, if you can.

H. P.—Should advise you to hold all for the present. During the next few weeks they are more likely to improve than to go worse. But, as to all Western Australian shares, see this week's letter from our W.A. correspondent.

EXMOOR.—(1) Yes, they are supposed to be ready. Write to the Secretary. (2) Nominally quoted ½ to ¾. Write to the Secretary offering to take 15s. each for them. (3) No liability beyond the £60 per share. Liability to go on "List B" continues for twelve months after shares registered in another name.

ALBION.—All three are considered good speculative investments, but we fear you would hardly like to bear the expense of getting special opinions on them from our Western Australian correspondent. Do you realise that the mere expense of getting from No. 1 to No. 2, including camels, would probably exceed forty pounds. You will, however, find an interesting account of No. 2 (Mount Margaret Reward) in the *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 28, 1895.

J. F. M.—(1) Not much value, we fear. It is a considerable distance from the celebrated Hannan's Brown Hill mine. Sell if you can. (2) Hold. Was brought out by The Exploration Company (Rothschild's) and is considered good.

FIRST SPEC.—We wrote to you yesterday. (1) Write to the Secretary at once, offering to take par for your shares. (2) Regarded in the market as a fair speculative investment, but we should not care to hold them for long ourselves. The competition will be very keen soon.

F. M.—We could not advise you to entrust it with your money. It may pull through all right. We hope it will, but we fear it is a feeble concern.

NEOPHYTE.—If you have got an allotment, we advise you to sell your shares quickly. We fear the company is hardly likely to be very successful (see this week's "Notes"). "Cumulative" means that, if the share gets no dividend for a time, the unpaid dividends will not be wiped out, but will accumulate and be still payable before the ordinary shares get anything. If the company fails, you will lose the amount of your share, but no more. The double quotations mean that the jobber or dealer is willing to buy at the lower price, and sell at the higher. We advise you to use your money by paying off the debt you speak of, and not to dabble in stocks and shares. You will only ruin yourself.